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SALUTATIONS

Take a vow to live life to the fullest!

WICKED women and their erotic exploits take center stage in this issue of *Penthouse Letters*, which is all about wild wives breaking the bonds of matrimony and the husbands who love watching them do it!

In Take Her, She's Mine, you'll find the ultimate expression of this particular kink with the stories of three husbands who invite a third to sample their spouse, while they keep a close eye on the action.

Though some generous gents let their women run free as long as they promise to recount all of the dirty details, and that's exactly the case in Cecilia Stone's "Room Service." Her hot hookup with a hotel employee really rings her bell–and her hubby's special request more than makes her lover's night.

Girl-on-girl encounters, threeway action and cuckolded sex slaves round out this special edition, which is fueled by our readers' ribald adventures.

Have you spiced up your marriage with the help of a playmate? Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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Take Her, She's Mine

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Change of Plans

Mark was at the end of his shift. He was supervising the staffers that were working their way through the evening checklist for closing the combined café and bookstore. Baristas and booksellers did what he said, when he said it. Can't argue with that.

I sat there, the dutiful wife. Waiting.

We had plans, Mark and I, to walk down the street to the new sushi place. Some food, some wine, and then later some dirty stuff. It was Friday night, and I was ready. It had been a long and stressful week.

A new employee—a big, strapping guy with a deep baritone voice—kept staring at me while Mark was talking.

"Louie, is there something you need to tell me? Do you know my wife, perhaps?" Mark asked, frustrated with his staffer's split attention.

Louie blinked, as if coming out of a fog. I thought he had recovered himself fully, but his gaze flicked back to me briefly, despite his dressing-down from my husband.

"Sorry. She's pretty, that's all." He said it matter-of-factly. Not a challenge. Not rude. Just a fact.

I blushed and shifted in my seat. Something about that rumbling voice. That rogue look he gave me. Standing up to Mark, even though he was new.

My brain, already on a lustful trajectory, flashed to an image of Louie between my thighs—his mouth, his hands, his cock.

I let out a shivery sigh, losing track of what they were saying. Mark's voice returned to a normal tone, so I didn't really catch the remainder of their conversation. The rest of crew talked softly to one another, scurrying about and making things happen so everyone could go home.

I flipped through social media on my phone, wasting time as I waited.

A hand fell on my shoulder, and I looked up.

"Almost done, sweetheart," Mark said.

I nodded. "Good. Then we can get on with date night."

He sat across the table from me and stared at me for a moment.

"What?" I asked. I knew he had something to say. I could tell by the way he drummed his fingers.

"How hungry are you?"

"What?"

"How would you feel about a change of plans?"

I let out an incredulous groan. "You have to work late?"

"No, I was just thinking maybe pre-sushi, pre-date night, we could entertain … a friend."

That got my attention. It had been a while since we'd done that. And I thought I might know exactly which friend he had in mind.

Still, I coyly responded, "Yeah? Who?"

"I think you can guess."

"Tell me anyway," I said, staring him in the eye and slipping my hand into my lap. I pressed my hand—very deliberately, so he could see me—against my mound, then slid a finger along the fabric of my dress that covered it.

"Louie, of course. You have a new fan."

"Let's go," I said.

He chuckled at my eagerness. "Five minutes. You want to wait in the car?"

I shook my head no. "I'll wait here."

That way I could watch Louie move around the café as he tidied up. He was huge and bulky, and at one point, he looked up and winked at me. I couldn't wait to have him between my thighs.

Louie followed us home in his big red Jeep. The whole way home I was squirming. Mark would occasionally reach across and push his hand up under my dress. He dragged his fingers along my moist slit and pinched my inner thigh until I hissed through my teeth. By the time we pulled into our driveway, I felt delirious with desire.

Louie joined us on the porch. He looked down at me and said, "Hello."

"Hi," I responded. It was the best I could offer.

He put his arm around me, pulled me in and kissed me. His tongue stroked over mine. He was the most forward of our guests to date, and I had a feeling I'd be gushing like a river soon.

Mark chuckled and said, "You've been bold from the get-go, Lou."

His hand slid down to cup my ass cheek. He gave it a hearty squeeze, and I gasped.

"I try," Louie told Mark.

We entered the house, and I flipped on the lights. Mark led us to the guest room. We like to keep our bedroom to ourselves. The guest room was just as nice. A king-size bed, lovely gray walls and muted lighting.

Louie didn't seem to notice. His eyes were on me and only me. Mark took a seat in a large plush chair in the corner near the head of the bed. It was no mistake that he could see pretty much everything from that vantage point.

"Louie kept me on my hands and knees so I could look at my husband."

Louie didn't need any provocation or encouragement. He picked me up and tossed me gently on the bed. He took off my heels and pushed up my dress until I sat up and he was able to pull it over my head. He wound my long blonde braid around his hand and tipped my head back to kiss me. Then his teeth were on my neck and his hand slipped inside my bra. He pinched my nipple, and it went tight between his fingers. The pain coursed from my breast to my pussy.

I heard Mark's breathing, harsh and deep, and I felt his gaze on us, even though I couldn't see him.

Despite his clumsy-looking fingers, Louie managed to get off my bra without a hitch. He tapped my hip with his fingers, and I automatically raised myself so he could take my panties off. He parted my legs and lowered himself between them. He was still fully dressed, and somehow that made what he was doing even hotter.

He kissed my pussy, almost chastely at first, before parting my outer lips and breathing on my tender center. Then his tongue was on me. He started soft and gentle, but when I thrust my hips up, seeking more contact, his tongue moved harder against me. He slid a finger into my pussy and flexed it, fucking me with it until I felt wetness overflowing my cunt. I was so close, so very close.

And he knew it.

He moved off me, flipped me to my belly and hiked me up. I was eye-to-eye with Mark, who simply smiled at me. One of his hands rested in his clothed lap. I could see the bulge of his erection beneath it.

I thought Louie was going to fuck me, but he wasn't ready to do that just yet. He slid beneath my parted thighs. His head suddenly appeared there, looking up at me from below. He grinned and grabbed my ass cheeks, pulling me down so I sat on his face. His tongue was at liberty to tour me fully. He slipped the tip inside me, then slid it around my folds before finally focusing on my pounding clit. All the while, his hands kneaded my ass cheeks.

The warmth of one of his hands disappeared from my skin, and then I felt the motion caused by his arm stroking his cock, getting it ready—getting it hard—for when he'd finally jam it deep inside my pussy.

I groaned, cupping my tits and pinching my nipples.

Mark stared at me, then scooted the chair forward and gently stroked my throat and my chest.

I sensed Louie's hand sliding along on his cock. His lips slithered over my pussy as he sucked me and teased me with his tongue. Mark leaned in more and kissed me. He bit my lower lip and whispered, "You should come for him."

I did. I shuddered all over his face.

Moments later, I moved off Louie and he climbed away from the bed and quickly stripped off his clothes. He kept me on my hands and knees so I could

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

look at my husband while he, Mark's employee, fucked me.

Louie moved in close, working his cock into me while grabbing me tight. Then he was all the way in me, moving fast and banging against me so hard his movements stole my breath. Every thrust scooted me forward a little bit on the bed.

I locked eyes with my husband, who made a show of pulling out his cock. He stroked it slowly as he watched us. That sent a thrill racing through me. My pussy clenched around Louie's big dick, and I heard him inhale sharply. A moment of weakness—of humanity—from the monolith of a man.

Pushing back to take him, I put my hand between my legs and smacked my pussy one, two, three times before sliding my finger over the hard knot of my clit. I shivered as pleasure unwound deep inside me, warm and lovely. I squeezed again, smacked again, stroked again and then moaned.

"Take it," Louie grunted. "Take my cock."

He liked the verbal cues, so even as I drove my body back and revolved my fingers quickly against my clit, I said, "Fuck me. Use me."

Mark's eyes drifted shut for just a moment, and then his hand was a blur on his cock. His free hand cupped his balls. He forced his eyes open and he looked at me, a hint of desperation in his gaze.

He was holding on, but he was close. I could tell.

My nipples spiked—tight buds of pink flesh—and I ran my fingertip over them before returning my hand to my pussy.

Louie rested his palm on my lower back and pushed. With my head down, my legs were now spread wider. He held me there, keeping me just where he needed me as he pounded me.

"Jesus, yes," Mark muttered.

My cunt grew tighter, my hand flew and my breath came in a rush. I was so close to climaxing, and Mark's helpless utterance helped push me over the edge.

Behind me, Louie groaned, "I'm going to fucking come in your pretty little pussy."

That did it for my husband. Mark went rigid, cried out and came. Cream coated his hand as it spurted over his dick. He stared at me. My pussy was spasming—slick and liquid—around the monster buried satisfyingly deep inside me.

"My turn, I guess," Louie murmured to himself, and I nearly laughed.

Then his hands were clutching me hard as he filled me up.

I collapsed on the mattress, catching my breath.

I don't usually like sudden changes of plans. But that night was an exception.

—M.T., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Cat Will Play

My coworker Cat is the only woman on an otherwise all-male team. She happens to be into women as well. Further, she loves to join in when we swap sex stories, especially because hers are usually the best in the group. We might be a nearly all-guy team, but Cat fits in perfectly.

She also enjoys making suggestive comments about my wife. One day I decided it was time to call her bluff. I figured at worst Cat would keep her comments to herself in the future, and at best I would get to watch my wife fuck another woman. Just thinking about watching Cat go to town on my wife was enough to make my dick immediately stand at attention.

Lucky me: Once Cat realized I was serious about her and my wife hooking up, she agreed to go for it. Better still, my entire department had plans to go out for drinks that evening and my wife, Ashley, planned to join us. Things were progressing at a pleasantly brisk pace.

Ahead of time, I tipped off Ashley regarding Cat's interest. Ashley was game, so we set some parameters and agreed to meet up at the bar.

Cat already had this in the bag. She and my wife had hit it off during previous outings. And Ashley was very much intrigued by her, which is how the three of us ended up in a cab headed back to our apartment before the rest of my team ordered their third round of booze.

Ashley and Cat quickly got frisky in the backseat of the cab. My wife sat in the middle, between Cat and I, and before the car pulled away from the curb she was already half on my coworker's lap.

I certainly did not mind at all. To the contrary, I swiveled my body so my back was to the door, giving me a much better view of what was going on. Cat's hand crept up the back of my wife's shirt, and she stroked Ashley's back, drawing their bodies closer together.

When the women finally kissed, my dick jerked inside my jeans. Mesmerized, I watched my wife give as much as she got. Ashley pushed Cat hard against the car door and took advantage of her lover's gasp to slide her tongue inside the other woman's mouth.

I grinned, finding myself both turned on and damn proud of my wife. Cat had been so confident she'd be in control. But Ashley, as always, proved she is a force to be reckoned with—especially when she's horny.

Never one to back away from a challenge, Cat slid her hand down Ashley's back and over her ass, ultimately slipping her hand between my wife's thighs.

Ashley wasn't expecting that, but she definitely liked it. Her groan was loud enough to make the driver look in the rearview mirror. His eyes went wide when he realized it was the two girls in his backseat making each other moan.

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

After a narrow miss with the car ahead of us, our driver directed his attention back to the road, and I continued to watch my wife and my coworker ravish one another.

Having Cat's hand between her legs wasn't enough for my greedy girl. Ashley liked friction and pressure. She ground her hips against Cat's thigh, using her position to keep Cat against the door while getting herself off.

Then the car took a sharp turn, making both women slide along the seat and nearly tumble into my lap, as the driver pulled over to the curb.

We were outside of our apartment building. It seemed the cabbie had continued to sneak peeks at Cat and Ashley in his rearview mirror. He was so distracted that he nearly missed our building!

That brief interruption didn't faze my wife or my colleague. They tumbled out of the backseat together, laughing and holding one another as they scurried into the building's lobby.

By the time I paid the driver and met the woman at the elevator, they were back at it again, touching and kissing one another with such fervor that even our doorman had taken notice! He stared at them wide-eyed through the large glass lobby door.

I gave the old guy a wink as the three of us disappeared into the elevator.

When the doors finally opened on our floor, I made sure I was the first one to step out into the hall so I could open our apartment door.

As quick as I was, Cat and Ashley both bumped into me as I turned the key in the lock. Somehow, I managed to ignore the two hot, horny women writhing against me long enough to get the door open and usher them inside.

Before the lock even clicked shut behind us, both women had taken their shirts and bras off and had kicked away their shoes. They stood in the dim light of the hallway, gently fondling one another's breasts while their tongues continued to tangle.

Then Ashley led the way to our bedroom. Unwilling to break away from her new lover, she backed her into the room using small, careful steps.

Once again, I moved ahead of them, happy to act as their doorman if it meant getting to watch while they went to town on one another.

Comfortable in her new surroundings, Cat quickly reclaimed the reins. She pushed Ashley down onto the edge of bed and pried her legs wide. Then she stepped in between them, lowering her head as though she meant to place a kiss on Ashley's belly.

Instead of dropping a kiss, Cat used her teeth to pop open the button on Ashley's jeans. With that out of the way, Cat focused on the zipper next. She pinched the pull between her fingers, allowing her mouth to hover suggestively over Ashley's mound while she tugged the zipper all the way down. Even then, Cat's mouth didn't so much as graze Ashley's skin. Instead, Cat concentrated on tugging the denim down Ashley's hips and thighs, slowly exposing my wife's milky skin.

Once Cat had freed Ashley's ankles from the fabric, she took a moment to remove her own skintight pants. By then I'd settled in a chair across the room from the bed, affording me a good view of Cat's ass when she bent to roll her leggings down to the floor.

Cat's long limbs stretched elegantly. The woman is so flexible, she didn't need to bend her knees one bit to reach her toes. The result was an eye-popping display of Cat's firm ass cheeks. The thin, pink straps of her thong painted a big "Y" shape over her backside, accentuating her curves.

After rolling off her thong and tossing it to the side, Cat moved between Ashley's legs again. The second Cat's fingertips touched the edge of Ashley's underwear, my wife's ass started wriggling on the bed.

Cat lowered her mouth to the lace panel that covered Ashley's mound. Rather than simply moving the material to the side to enjoy some skin-to-skin contact, Cat boldly licked Ashley's clit right through the sheer fabric.

Ashley's groan seemed to echo throughout the room. Her hips bucked, pushing her pussy against Cat's face, prompting my coworker to tongue her even more feverishly.

Cat pushed Ashley's hips down, pinning them to the mattress. Her soft hum was barely audible over my wife's grunts and groans. It was almost as if Cat was using the sound of her mouth to mimic a vibrator as she ran her mouth over Ashley's panty-clad cunt.

While Cat's mouth was busy between Ashley's legs, her hands embarked on their own expedition. She skimmed up Ashley's hip and over her side, heading straight for Ashley's breast. Her fingertips brushed along the sensitive underside, tracing the gentle curve around to Ashley's cleavage. Then she captured Ashley's nipple between two fingers.

This time when Ashley groaned, her upper body lifted off of the mattress. Her eyes opened wide, and her body grew tight as a bow.

Then, just as quickly, Ashley dropped back onto the bed. She sighed as the tension melted from her muscles, giving way to that warm, euphoric feeling that envelops her after a good orgasm.

But Cat wasn't done with Ashley yet. She dropped to her knees on the floor between Ashley's legs and reached up, curling her fingers around the delicate waistband of Ashley's underwear. Then she rolled the soaking material down Ashley's thighs.

I recognized the orgasmic gasp that fell from Ashley's lips as Cat's nails grazed her skin. My wife's supple body was primed and ready for round two.

Cat was raring to go as well. She climbed up onto the bed and settled herself alongside Ashley's body. Using an elbow to prop herself up, she leaned over Ashley and pressed a cheek to her

"Cat settled between Ashley's legs and lapped at her folds, drinking up her juices."

chest. What a beautiful sight.

"Tell me what you like. This?" Cat dropped her head and swirled her tongue around Ashley's right nipple, soaking the little nub with her saliva before releasing it from her lips with a pop. "Or this?" she asked, punctuating her question by delivering a hard pinch to Ashley's left nipple.

"Yes," Ashley cried. Her legs moved restlessly on the bed as her body worked to absorb the sensations rolling over her in waves.

"Not an answer," Cat teased.

"Tell me, baby. Lips." Cat planted a smacking, wet kiss on one of Ashley's nipples.

"Teeth." Cat nibbled at the same nipple, drawing a long hiss from Ashley as she sucked a breath through her own choppers.

"Tongue." Cat soothed the engorged nipple with a sweep of her tongue.

"Or hands." Cat moved her free hand to Ashley's other breast. She spread her fingers wide, stretching them so she could encompass the whole of Ashley's breast. Then she closed her fingers quickly, trapping Ashley's nipple in between her digits.

"Can't. Choose," Ashley panted.

Smirking, Cat slipped her hand between Ashley's legs. She pressed all four fingers against Ashley's pussy and said, "I love a greedy girl."

Cat used her fingers to tap out a rhythm on Ashley's thick, fleshy folds. The combination of soft skin and slick juices meant that whenever Cat's fingers landed on Ashley's mound, a light *thwacking* sound filled the room.

Using her fingers, Cat parted Ashley's slit. Her middle finger skirted the edge, teasing at the sensitive skin surrounding her opening before sinking inside.

Ashley's ass rose off the bed. She rocked against Cat's hand, forcing her lover to pick up the pace.

Before long, Ashley's back arched on a moan as she was rattled by a fast-moving climax. Cat settled back between Ashley's legs and lapped at her folds, drinking up her orgasmic juices while I watched, absorbing every last detail of this scene. One that I never wanted to forget.

–T.P., Birmingham, Ala.

Whatta Knockout!

A few years ago, I went out for what I thought would be another routine happy hour after work. There's this bar in the warehouse district where many of us corporate guys go. I'm mostly in it for the seasonal raw oysters on special. Since my coworkers were busy hitting on tourists, I was eating and minding my own business at the end of the bar.

Out of nowhere, this guy starts yelling at a couple that had just walked in the door. The male half of the couple looked like he was somewhere in his early 50s—his face was vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place it at the time. He wore an expensive-looking linen suit, and on his arm was a leggy blonde in sunglasses. For the purposes of this story, we'll call him "Mr. Linen" and her "Marilyn." And per her Hollywood-inspired pseudonym, Marilyn had gorgeous vanilla-blonde hair styled in big, loose curls. She stood at least five-foot-seven in her strappy sandals—and the red dress she wore hugged every inch of her curvy figure to perfection.

Anyway, this is the gist of what I remember: The hothead who was clearly under the influence of something more than alcohol was pissed off that Mr. Linen had parked in what he thought of as his parking space. At first, Mr. Linen tried to calm him down, but to no avail. All of a sudden, the maniac shoved Mr. Linen into the wall by my chair and started to rail on him.

Now, as this is a classy place in an upscale area, it's not like they hire muscle or bouncers. Also, most of the stiff suits were probably thinking it was free entertainment after a long day of wanting to beat up people in their office. I do a bit of mixed martial arts and boxing in my downtime, so it was nothing for me to stand up and knock the punk out, which is exactly what I did. I wasn't looking to be a hero, though. I just wanted to eat my oysters in peace.

Mr. Linen got up, a little dazed, but he didn't have a mark on him.

"You OK, man?" I ventured, extending my hand to help him up.

"Just fine." He stood and shook my hand: "Thank you. I really, really owe you."

I shook my head. "All good."

The stunned bartender leaned over and looked at the subdued aggressor on the floor before saying, "Guess I should call the cops."

"You can do that, but I'm not interested in pressing charges," Mr. Linen responded. He turned back to me again and said, "Please, at least let me buy you a drink."

Before I could say anything, Marilyn stepped over. "Baby, are you OK?" She caressed Mr. Linen's face. He assured her he was fine, just a little rattled.

Now that I could finally get a good look at her, my jaw dropped a little: How did I go from actually knocking a guy out to standing before a real knockout in under 60 seconds?

"All thanks to this guy," Mr. Linen said, clapping me on the back and startling me out of my musings.

Marilyn leaned closer to me. She put a hand on my shoulder and appreciatively gushed, "I'm so grateful you helped him like that!"

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

She was wearing the sweetest perfume. I could breathe in her scent all day.

"Oh, it's nothing, really. Glad I could stop the madness," I said.

"Please, won't you join us?" Marilyn lifted up her sunglasses to reveal her pleading baby blues.

I glanced quickly at Mr. Linen again and replied, "Well, if you insist."

"I do," he said while patting me on the shoulder. "You did me a solid. Our hotel is just around the corner. There's a decent bar there, if you don't mind. After my welcome here, I don't feel like sticking around."

"OK, then," I said with an understanding nod. I downed my last oyster and tossed some bills on the bar to settle my tab.

At the other place, the gentleman in the linen suit revealed to me that he was a recently acquitted white-collar suspect who was still working in finance. Once he introduced himself by name, I connected the dots, and it made sense why he wanted to keep a low profile.

"Marilyn slipped off her panties and got on all fours, glancing back at me."

"I really wasn't looking for a fight. I had no idea what he was talking about, since I took a public parking spot." Mr. Linen shook his head. "Last thing I need is negative press right now."

"I hear that, man." I sipped my scotch and glanced around. I happen to be a lawyer, but luckily not a criminal or tax lawyer; I handle mostly divorces, so even if someone had recognized us, our conversation could not be construed as any kind of business consultation. Besides, Mr. Linen had a very public divorce years ago, and Marilyn was his sweet distraction, 20 years his junior and ten years mine.

Marilyn sat on the other side of Mr. Linen, nursing a dirty martini.

"So, Anthony, I think we're both curious," she winked at Mr. Linen and then looked at me. "What do you do when you're not kicking ass or eating oysters?"

I chuckled. "MMA and long walks with my dog."

Mr. Linen smirked and commented, "I bet you get a lot of babes with moves that like."

"Not really, I work pretty crazy hours."

"So," Marilyn paused, "does that mean no girlfriend?"

"Nope, none whatsoever right now."

Marilyn smiled and squeezed Mr. Linen's arm before saying to me, "So then, do you think you'd like to come up to our room? I know my man here would love to watch me properly express my appreciation for your help."

I just about choked on my scotch.

Mr. Linen smirked and assured me, "It's a serious offer. No strings, no drama. Just this gorgeous woman's lips up and down your dick, and you having her every which way."

Marilyn licked her bottom lip and announced, "I'd love it so much if you pinned me down and fucked me and made him watch. Show him how winners fuck."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing!

"I–wow." I laughed and did a double take. "You're not joking?"

"Nope," Mr. Linen smiled. "It's a thing with us. I like to watch her, and we both like to share."

He caressed Marilyn's back and gave her a kiss on the cheek as she nodded at me.

"It's true." Marilyn polished off the last of her martini. "So? Are you coming upstairs?"

It took about 60 seconds from that point for us to get into the elevator. And before the doors even closed, Mr. Linen was insistent that I kiss her.

"Just take a taste of those lips."

The elevator had wraparound mirrored walls, so while we made out, I could see her in my arms and see how her man watched. I've had threesomes, but never a dedicated audience, and the idea was a surprising new turn-on.

When we got to the room, Marilyn wasted no time slipping off her dress and strapless bra. She giggled and danced for me as we moved toward the bed. Her natural tits were full and magnificent in the way they sloped down and flopped to either side of her body.

Marilyn playfully squeezed her breasts together, offering them to me. They were perfect and pillowy with pale pink nipples that I took my time teasing.

As I alternated between kisses to her breasts and lips, I felt the blood rush from my head to my raging erection.

Marilyn stroked my bulge through my trousers and said, "I can't wait to be with such a manly man." She tugged on my necktie. "Come on, get naked and let's get on the bed."

"That's right, show him how much you appreciate him for helping me out, baby." Mr. Linen fixed himself another drink and casually sat down in the chair by the television.

I eagerly complied by stripping down.

Marilyn, clearly liking the muscular physique she saw, practically pounced on me.

"Oh, you're so nice and thick," she whispered in my ear, touching my bicep before dropping her hand lower and slowly stroking my shaft. "I love feeling a thick cock stretch me out."

I grinned. "Well, I'll be happy to do that for you."

Marilyn giggled and kissed her way down my torso, and then she took a breath and gobbled down my entire shaft in one fell swoop.

I gasped in surprise. This girl had me all the way down her throat and was sucking me like an industrial vacuum.

"Oh, my God!" I groaned. My knees buckled as pleasure consumed me.

"Yeah, that's right, face-fuck her," Mr. Linen said. "She loves to gag on a nice dick."

Marilyn came up for air with a wicked grin and responded, "You're damned right I do!"

The room felt like it was spinning. Marilyn sucked me all the way to the very brink; when she pulled away, a little bit of pre-come ran down her chin.

"Ready to fuck?" Mr. Linen asked.

I exhaled, trying to maintain myself so this could last and responded, "Hell, yeah."

Marilyn slipped off her panties and got on all fours in the middle of the bed, glancing back at me like a cat in heat.

I wasted no time. I entered her from behind, and we started going at it hard and fast. Marilyn was a loud moaner, too, and Mr. Linen might've been a cheerleading coach the way he encouraged her to take my cock.

"That's right, baby. Fuck him like the little slut you are!"

"Oh, yes!" Marilyn squealed, matching me thrust for thrust.

After a while, she decided she wanted to be on top but facing Mr. Linen, so he could watch the whole thing.

When she finally came, Marilyn cried out and flopped to the side. It was so hot knowing I was making her come buckets in front of her man.

She caught her breath for a second and then came right back to my dick.

"We aren't done yet," she announced.

"That's right. Finish him off in your mouth!" Mr. Linen grinned. "Swallow this whole load!"

Owing to her velvet throat and the excitement of being watched, it wasn't long before Marilyn had drained me of every last drop, rendering me more or less as knocked out as the dude back in the bar.

My coworkers all wondered where I'd ended up that night. I totally wanted to brag, but I just told them I hit the gym. I've never revealed any of this until now.

That same year, Marilyn became Mr. Linen's third wife, and when it was time for their rather quickie divorce, she actually became a client of mine.

These days? I'm the only man in her life, but since we both still enjoy having a captive audience, Marilyn will occasionally invite a girlfriend to "punch things up" a notch.

–A.T., via email

If you've shared your wife, or have had one shared with you, why not share with us? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters,* Department TH, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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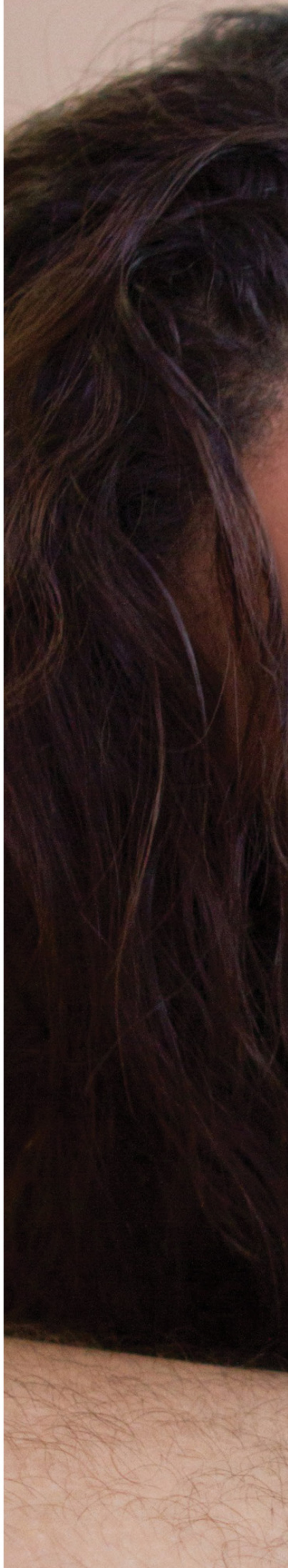
AUTUMN & DAMON

AUTUMN & DAMON

AUTUMN & DAMON



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Steppin Out

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My Pick-Me-Up

My best gal pal, Hallee, attentively listened to my tale of woe, nodded sagely and earnestly explained, "You're in the marital doldrums, Becca."

We'd met for dinner at a bistro. My husband, Mitch, was working late. Feeling blue, I hadn't wanted to eat alone.

"What are the marital doldrums?" I asked.

Hallee smiled knowingly and replied, "I've been married a year longer than you, right? OK. The doldrums are a natural stage of marriage. It's everything you've just been telling me about—the boredom, restlessness, the borderline panic that you're never going to go to bed with another man for the rest of your life."

I started to object. Being married to Mitch wasn't causing me to panic. But Hallee cut me off.

"Look, it's normal to have these feelings a couple years into marriage. The first flush has sort of worn off. You still like and love each other, but you've gotten into habits. You still screw, but it's routine."

I bit my lip and pushed away my half-eaten dessert. I had confessed to Hallee the dissatisfaction I'd felt lately. Mitch and I did indeed still fuck, but the spark wasn't there anymore.

"Well, what do I do?" I sighed. "Do we try new stuff in the bedroom? Should we wear leather and spank each other?"

Hallee shrugged and asked, "Is that something you want to do?"

"Certainly not," I answered indignantly.

"Then try something else."

Hallee had always been one step ahead of me in life, even when we'd been schoolgirls together. Now we were in our mid-20s and successful career women.

"You said this happened to you and Wesley. What did you do about it?"

"I fucked somebody else."

"What?" I yelped, causing heads to turn on the restaurant's back patio.

She proceeded to tell me about it. It had been a one-off event, a single night of infidelity with a complete stranger, no strings attached, no messy aftermath.

"Once I made up my mind, I grabbed the first guy who got my motor humming and rode his cock all night."

Hallee sighed happily at the memory.

I was still in shock and asked, "Did Wesley find out?"

"No. I didn't tell him. But he was suddenly a new man to me after that. I had someone fresh to compare him to, and I could appreciate what a wonderful sexy man he is. It just took one little fling. You should try it."

It was insane advice. But maybe there was something to it. I'd seen Hallee and Wesley together recently. They seemed very happy.

Hallee said, "You know I'm right. But you're going to overthink this and stall and second-guess, and never do anything about it."

She sounded a bit smug, and that annoyed me. But it was true. I wasn't good at spontaneous action. And the idea of suddenly cheating on Mitch was just too much.

We said goodnight. My car was in the shop, so I called for a ride-share and waited in front of the restaurant, wondering if Mitch and I would make love that night. Wondering if it would be a stale exercise, like it had been too often lately.

A car pulled up to the curb, and a man stepped out. "Are you Becca?" he asked, offering a friendly smile. He was young, built and almost ridiculously handsome.

I faltered a moment, then blurted out, "Yes."

He came around and actually held the rear door open for me. A tingle went through me. He hopped behind the wheel, and we were off.

I eyed him from behind and in the rearview. I didn't normally ogle guys but couldn't help myself. Maybe Hallee's crazy advice had gotten stuck in my head. My pulse was racing. What if I actually did what she'd suggested?

I told the driver to make a detour through the city park. There was a lot, tucked under some trees. I would tell him to pull in there, then I'd—then we'd … maybe.

I really was an overthinker.

"Pull in here, please," I heard myself say.

He didn't ask any questions. He parked in the empty lot and turned around in his seat. I looked into his handsome face. Drawing a ragged breath, I asked, "You want to come back here and fuck me? Or are you just going stare?" I bit my lip again, not believing what I'd just said!

For a second he sat frozen, long enough for me to squirm with embarrassment. Then he grinned and climbed over the seat. He said, "I was literally just fantasizing about you saying something like that."

We took each other in our arms and jammed our mouths together in a savage kiss. His eager tongue writhed against mine. Excitement ripped through me, amazingly intense. Part of me remained in shocked disbelief, but the rest of me was wet, wild and ready.

We kissed even harder. My hands moved over his muscular body, and he started feeling me up. His touch was electric, maybe because it wasn't Mitch's familiar caresses. With that, I put my husband completely out of my head. It was just me and this hot guy in a backseat.

"I could imagine that this was my husband right now, fucking me doggy-style."

He squeezed my tits through my shirt, and I rubbed the flagrant bulge in his jeans. Simultaneously we began tearing each other out of our clothes. It was dim inside the car, but I could see his sweet, naked body and steel-hard cock. My mouth watered, and my pussy streamed in anticipatory delight.

We grappled. He sucked my pebble-tight nipples, and I groped his ass, fingers sinking into his toned flesh.

Finally, I had to have a taste of him. I got him on his back and swiftly kissed and licked my way down his chest and abs. He spread his legs, and I settled down between his muscled thighs.

I held him gently by the balls, pointing his cock straight up. I swirled his big knob with my tongue, getting a tantalizing taste of pre-come. Then I hungrily dropped my mouth down his shaft, swallowing inch after veiny inch.

Taking that hard cock into my throat, I heard him moan. His ass clenched on the seat and his hips jerked upward. I went up and down on his rod, giving him some intense suction. His flavor filled my mouth, and I was seriously tempted to keep going until he blew his load across my tongue.

But he had other ideas. I realized just what he had in mind when he eased my mouth off him and scooted around so we could switch positions. I watched his head lower itself between my thighs.

The first touch of his tongue sent a jolt through me. He delved deeper, parting my pussy lips. I bit back an outright shriek of delight as he tongued my clit. Soon I was humping hard against his face. He drilled me deep, burying his tongue inside.

Before long, I seized his hair and came gushingly. He kept his mouth on me the whole time, slurping up my sex juice. Finally he came up for air, with his face gleaming.

I pulled him onto me, licking his mouth and savoring the hot, wet taste of myself. That seemed to seriously turn him on because he groaned and shivered.

"Get that cock in me!" I said. All inhibitions were long gone by that point. There was no second-guessing, no hint of regret on my part.

He shifted into place. I lifted my knees and felt his thick cockhead settle against my drenched slit. The air was humid like a hothouse. The car's windows were fogged up. The backseat felt like our own private tropical paradise.

His cock plunged inside me, reaming my pussy nicely. He penetrated deeply, touching me at my core. Pleasure swamped me in huge, heavy waves. I crossed my wrists behind his neck, drew my knees toward my shoulders and lay back while he pounded me.

He was strong and wiry. He was a fine masculine reality, looming over me in the dusk of the backseat. His cock came down again and again, his rhythm smooth and not rushed. He was perfection.

I met his downstrokes with perfectly timed upward thrusts of my hips. Everything felt natural. No awkwardness, no hesitations. It was wonderful.

The pleasure built in me again, slower this time, coming up from some profound depth. I felt the joy moving through the cells of my body. Nerve clusters awoke, and my flesh quivered. He fucked me faster now, as if sensing my approaching climax.

I went into sweet convulsions, thrashing about on the seat. Orgasmic bliss swept me up, twirled me around and set me gently back down. I thought my driver might join me and pump his come into my pussy, but he held off, showing impressive self-control.

"Can I do you from behind?" he asked, panting.

I scrambled to get onto my hands and knees, and he maneuvered into position. His hands settled over my hips. His cock slipped back into me. The new angle was awesome, and fresh pleasure stirred inside me.

As he began stroking into me, I let a small part of my fevered brain return to Mitch. I could imagine that this was my husband right now, fucking me doggy-style. Mitch had always been great in bed, I realized. Nothing had changed between us physically.

I heard and felt the slap of balls against my slit. My nameless lover's cock speared me. My fingers clawed the seat beneath me as ecstasy gathered within me yet again. I was going to come hard.

A complete stranger was boning me in the back of a car, and I was thinking about Mitch. I wanted to laugh out loud, but this hot guy might take that the wrong way.

His tempo was picking up; he was hammering into me. There would be no holding back his come this time. I grinned, and my body was ablaze with hot rapture. But I wanted my third climax to happen when his lovely cream shot into me.

He growled deep in his throat, and his hands tightened over my hips. Then warm liquid was gushing inside me. The sensation sent me helplessly over the top. An overwhelming climax raced through my being, and I cried out, unable to hold it in.

We fell together into a sweaty heap. The air reeked of sex. Shivering, I slowly came back to reality.

We dressed hurriedly, without speaking. He drove us out of the park and soon delivered me home. I tipped him generously and went inside to wait for Mitch to come home. Already I was anticipating hopping into bed with him. I had a hunch everything would feel brand-new again.

–B.D., Lexington, Ky.

Last Call

As the old saying goes, variety is the spice of life, and I was dying to sample someone new. Maybe that's why I decided to go to the bar alone after each of my girlfriends texted their regrets about skipping out on our evening plans. My husband wouldn't expect me home for hours. Why waste an opportunity for a bit of fun?

Standing at the bar, it didn't take long for me to make a friend. That sketchy watering hole was the kind of club where anything goes and often did. It wasn't uncommon for people to get it on in full view of other patrons and the amused staff.

It was my kind of place.

My new pal Malcolm was in his mid-20s and was a successful financial advisor—or so he said. To be honest, I didn't much care about what he did for a living. I was more interested what muscles were hidden beneath his tailored slacks and button-down shirt.

With his sleeves rolled up, I could see the long, clean lines of his toned forearms. I wondered what it would feel like to have those arms wrapped around me, holding my body still while he slammed into me from behind.

A fiery blush scorched the skin spanning from my breasts to my neck, heating me from the inside out. I raked my eyes over Malcolm's body, hungrily taking in the strapping stranger while I toyed with the ice cubes melting in my drink.

When Malcolm leaned toward me enough to show his increasing interest, I pulled a sliver of ice from my glass and dragged it over my lips. Then when I popped the last of the cube into my mouth, my finger followed and I sucked it.

Malcolm's eyes narrowed as my cheeks grew hollow. Moving closer, he whispered in my ear. "Are you trying to make me fuck you right here in this bar," he asked while eyeing me hungrily. "Because if that's your goal, I'd say you're damn close to achieving it."

Stepping closer, Malcolm made sure our thighs were touching before he rocked his hips, pressing his pelvis against mine. The feeling of his hard cock was unmistakable. Despite the layers of fabric between us, I swear I could feel the heat radiating off of his skin.

He reached around my back and rested his hands on the empty barstool behind me, caging me in. With a quick hitch of his hips, his erection was nestled against my pussy, hitting my pulsing clit with just the right amount of pressure.

Being pinned that way meant no matter how I moved, Malcolm's cock rubbed against my crotch. Eager for more, I rocked my hips toward him just a little. I was horny but didn't want to cause a scene. Well, not yet anyway.

His eyelids fluttered just slightly, and suddenly, I was the one in control. I wrapped my arms around Malcolm's neck and pulled him closer. My ass bumped against the barstool, which offered me the right amount of leverage to press myself more firmly against his magnificent bulge.

A low rumble emanated from Malcolm's chest, causing his body to vibrate pleasantly against my breasts. Almost instantly, my nipples hardened into little peaks. I could feel them beading up against the satiny interior of my bra, surging forward as though they could burst through my clothes and into his hands.

That's when Malcolm's lips brushed over my ear again. He nipped at my lobe, grazing it with his teeth before soothing it with a kiss.

"You're playing with fire, and I'm done messing around. I'm dipping my dick in you right fucking now."

At first, my brain didn't quite connect the dots. I nodded and made a move to break away and lead us to the bar's bathroom, but Malcolm pulled me back. "I said now."

A mischievous twinkle lit his inky-blue eyes—my only hint at what would happen next. Before I knew it, I was bent over the barstool with my ass in the air. The place had nearly cleared out while Malcolm and I were busy

pawing at one another. The few people remaining either ignored us completely or seemed happy enough to watch, and that was fine by me.

Malcolm planted one meaty hand on the small of my back to hold me in place. With his free hand, he fisted the hem of my skirt and whipped it up over my hips.

Next, he made quick work of my thong by yanking it to the side. He traced two fingers over my folds, slowly sliding them up and down. Somehow, his featherlight touch seemed to amplify my body's reactions. A pleasant tingle spread from my sex to my thighs, making them quake.

Growing impatient, I thrust my ass back, aiming to entice Malcolm to fuck me already.

"Get it, girl," someone called out.

Goddammit, yes I would. And when I got home, I would get it from my husband, too.

Malcolm didn't give me his dick right away. Instead he jammed a couple of fingers into my cunt. Little twinges of pleasure made my pussy pulse around his digits, and the tighter my passage became, the better getting finger-fucked felt. In the position that I was, bent over the stool, Malcolm was able apply pressure to my G-spot with each inward jab. His thick digits filled me up right, working every inch of my clutching cunt.

As if that weren't enough, the angle of my hips meant my clit rubbed against the leather barstool relentlessly. Every time I moved, the furniture massaged me, and I was rapidly being pushed to the brink.

Seconds away from detonating, my pussy contracted sharply around Malcolm's fingers. I was so goddamn close. Just a few more thrusts, and I would be screaming in ecstasy.

Then Malcolm went and switched everything up, leaving me empty and wanting right at the moment I was meant to be reveling in pleasure.

Before I could protest, Malcolm flipped me over and placed me on the stool. When he stepped between my open legs, I was delighted to see he'd already opened his pants. His condom-clad dick bounced enticingly before me, pointing right at my snatch.

By that point, I was more than ready to feel Malcom's erection buried inside me. Every second he made me wait for penetration was torture. My pussy still pulsed from the feel of his fingers. I wanted, no, needed his dick.

I took matters into my own hands. I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled him close.

Malcom's dick lined up perfectly with my pussy. I aimed the tip right where I wanted him, then I used the strength of my legs to push his length into me.

Malcom's thighs knocked into the stool, nearly sending us both toppling backward. If I wasn't wrapped around his hips like a sexed-up boa constrictor, I might have wound up on the floor. But we were safe.

I loosened my hold on Malcolm enough so he could withdraw his dick about an inch. Then he slammed into me, impaling my pussy with his hard, thick cock.

A moan sounded behind Malcolm, calling my attention to another couple who'd decided to follow our lead and fuck up against the bar. Mesmerized, I locked eyes with the woman, sharing a moment of brazen bliss.

Watching a beautiful stranger reach her own peak sent my libido into overdrive. I dug my fingers into Malcolm's rock-solid shoulders, then I humped that hottie as hard and fast as my hips would allow.

When the stool threatened to tip back yet again, our bartender stepped in to save the day. She positioned herself behind us and grabbed hold of the seat, keeping it steady while Malcolm plowed me.

Taking full advantage, I leaned back, sandwiching myself between the hard, muscular plane of Malcom's chest and the soft curves of our busty bartender. Sensing this was my silent invitation to join in the fun, our bartender slid her hands from the back of the stool to the front. She skimmed her palms up and over my thighs, making her way to the juncture where my hips and legs connect. The tips of her fingers teasingly caressed my body.

Malcolm's groans grew longer and louder, making him sound like a wild animal ready to strike. His strong arms enveloped me, pulling me close.

The bartender's long, jet-black hair draped over my shoulder. It smelled like lavender, the perfect scent to soothe my nerves while my body raced to the finish.

Being tucked tightly between both partners meant I was completely at their mercy for the rest of the time we fucked. I couldn't move my hips much on my own. Instead, I had to rely on the two people holding me to maneuver our bodies in a way that would get me off.

Finally, with my encouragement the bartender's fingers found my clit. The added pressure absolutely drove me wild, pushing me across the line and making me fall to pieces.

While I was busy bucking my hips against the bartender's hand, Malcolm chased his own release. His feverish pace drew out my own pleasure, making my orgasm one of the longest I'd ever experienced.

After Malcolm and I finally caught our breath, we took a step back and focused on righting our clothes. Then I left the bar without even a backward glance, content to head home to my husband who would fuck me for the rest of the night.

–Name and address withheld

"Malcolm slammed into me, impaling my pussy with his hard, thick cock."

Stamp of Approval

Working in a card store isn't the most exciting job. Especially since lots of people have stopped buying greeting cards, which means I'm constantly restocking stuffed animals, candy, religious statues and the like.

Justin walked in at the end of a long, boring day. He was tall with sandy-colored hair, big blue eyes and a wide smile. He gave me a sheepish grin, ran his hand through his already tousled hair and said, "I need a card for my mother's birthday. Which was last week. Which I forgot."

I had nothing to lose. My pussy had suddenly taken up a heartbeat all of its own as I stood there regarding this handsome stranger in a crisp white shirt and faded jeans. Everything from that smile of his to the way he crossed his arms turned me on.

"You need a card and candy," I said. "And maybe even one of these." I grabbed the closest stuffed animal. "An adorable stuffed moose."

He laughed, and the sound tickled the already wet space between my legs.

"You're quite the saleswoman, aren't you?"

I shrugged. "Gotta earn that bacon," I said. "But honestly, it's your mom. Your *mom*."

That big hand—it looked large enough to palm a basketball—ran over his hair again, and I nearly swooned.

He nodded when I put the moose on the counter and then we considered his candy choices. We went with milk chocolate-coated caramels because they're always a favorite. Then a card. After spotting the perfect one, I rang him up. When I took his credit card, he wrapped his fingers around my wrist to examine my hand, and my pulse pounded so hard I felt woozy.

"You're married," he said sadly, staring at my wedding band.

I pulled my hand back but caught his wrist on the way, tugging him toward me.

"But I'm allowed to have … friendships," I offered hopefully.

"Really?" he asked with a clear hint of interest.

I heard my manager emerging from the back and realized we were closing soon.

I stood on tiptoe, bent myself awkwardly across the counter and kissed him. On the tail end of the kiss, I bit his lower lip. He made a groaning noise that made me want to fuck him right then and there.

"Think about it," I said. Then I pushed the bag across the counter, and as my boss approached I said, "Thank you, sir! Have a nice night!"

Justin caught on quickly and thanked me in return.

I whispered, "I work the same shift tomorrow, but it's just me. She's off."

I watched color flood his cheeks as he nodded then studied his denim-clad ass as he left. I wondered if he'd come back. I had a good feeling about him.

The next day was chilly. The forecasters had been calling for snow. When I left the house that morning, my husband asked me why I looked so happy.

I grabbed him by his work tie and told him I had a secret.

At some point, I'd tell him about it. While he fucked me or while I watched him jerk off. But for now, knowing I had a secret would fuel his fantasies and our fucking.

I wore tall black boots, thigh-high stockings and a long black dress. All day long beneath my modest outfit my cunt was wet. I'd forgone panties because I had hope.

My forethought paid off about an hour before the store closed. The first fits and swirls of snow were coming down, and it gave the whole moment a magical feel: the darkness outside punctuated by the parking lot lights, the bell on the door dinging as Justin entered, the way he shook the snow off himself and how he said hello.

"Hi," I replied, coming out from behind the counter and standing before him. My nipples were hard. Not from the chill he'd let in, but from the fact that he was standing in front of me. He'd returned.

He studied me for a moment and then reached out to trace his fingertip around my obviously erect nipples.

I exhaled slowly, feeling the shivery response to his touch work through me.

I took a step forward, closing the gap between us. My breasts pressed against his shirt. He wrapped his arms around me, grabbed me by the ass and hauled me forward. Then we were pressed together, belly to belly, chest to chest. I felt like I'd come just from having his hands on me, squeezing and kneading my body.

He tugged at my dress, slowly working the fabric up in the back.

When he discovered I wasn't wearing panties, I distinctly felt the jerk of his stiffening cock against my mound.

He squeezed my ass, and I sighed.

"Lock the door," he said.

I waited a moment, liking the feel of his hands sliding along my body. I loved that we were right there in the well-lit store as darkness pressed the windows and anyone—fuck, anyone—could have seen us.

His hand slid around to trace my hip, then he pressed his palm to my pussy, his fingers curling against me.

I sighed again as he kissed me, his tongue slick and warm against mine.

"That door," he said.

I took the sign I'd used at lunchtime and taped it up on the glass: "Back Soon. Sorry for the Inconvenience."

Then I flipped the lock on the door. I took his hand and led him back to the office.

Once inside, he pushed me forward gently so my hands hit the desk. A slew of sale signs slid off and landed on the floor.

He came in close behind me, and I heard his zipper.

"Tell me you want it," he said.

"Fuck yeah, I want it," I answered. I pressed my ass back toward him eagerly, hoping he could see how wet I was. Slick, swollen and ready, that was me.

He ran his hands up the insides of my thighs, then slid his finger into my drenched cunt. We both sighed.

He pushed a second digit into me, and I heard the tandem whisper of his hand stroking his cock.

I whimpered, moving against his finger and pushing back to welcome him.

"Hurry. I need it," I pleaded.

I heard his belt jangle, then it and his pants hit the floor. He looped one arm around my waist and another around my chest, holding me tight—nearly too tight—as he entered me. He slid into me easily then thrust deeply, lifting me up on my toes. I nearly came from my desires and the force of his movements.

"Is this what you want?"

"Yes," I said, nodding.

He held me tightly, driving up into me repeatedly and making me dance on my tippy-toes. He growled in my ear, "I thought about this all fucking night. Of you. Of fucking you. What you'd feel like."

"And?" I whispered, right on the edge of climaxing, but not there yet. I had no need to rush it. Relief was close. I'd be coming any second.

"And you're just as soft and wet and hot as I'd hoped."

I shut my eyes and let him rock into me. I went limp in his arms. A welcoming receptacle. A willing partner in crime.

He jerked against me, his fingers curling into my flesh. My pussy grew tighter, my breath shorter. And then I was coming, going limp in his arms.

"Jesus," he said as my cunt worked his driving cock. He sounded like a man just on the verge.

His arms loosened, and I broke his grip to lean against the desk and push back to take him. But he pulled free of me.

"Turn around," he said.

I spun quickly with my dress hiked up and my legs shaking.

He studied me, his cock standing out at attention. He gave it a stroke here and there as I watched. I was mesmerized by his hand on his erection.

He stepped toward me and pushed a finger inside my pussy. He slid it in and out, and my cream coated his fingers. He hummed softly with pleasure.

I gasped and arched, eager for his driving digits.

"How's that? Want another?"

I nodded eagerly, watching his fingers plunge deep inside me. He pulled them free and then slid them up over my tender clit.

"Yes," I said.

He grinned at me. "Yes?"

"Yes," I said.

He did it again, pushing his fingers deep before dragging them over my clitoris.

Before long, I was coming again.

He watched my face as my orgasm hit.

"You're so fucking pretty," he said, pushing his slick fingers into my mouth. I licked them, sucked them, drew on them as I would've his cock.

He leaned forward and grabbed my right leg. Then he held it up as he drove into me again, face-to-face this time.

His gaze was intense as he fucked me.

I kissed him, pulling him tightly to me by the back of his neck, and bucking my hips to get his dick deep inside me.

"You want to come again?" he asked.

I nodded wildly. Every time he thrust forward and brushed my clit, pleasure flowed through me.

We screwed rough and fast. Another orgasm hit, smaller but no less sweet, and I gasped. I bit his lower lip hard enough to make him growl.

He pulled out of me and said, "Back the way you were. Hands down, ass in air."

I splayed myself there on my manager's desk. Facedown, butt up, as he pushed into my cunt once more.

He made an animalistic sound when he finally came, and his exclamation sent a shiver through me.

"Was it everything you hoped?" I asked.

"And then some."

"Will you come again?"

"Is that an invitation?"

"It definitely is."

"Then consider this my RSVP," he said before giving me a passionate kiss.

–B.B., Portland, Ore.

"We screwed rough and fast. Another orgasm hit, smaller but no less sweet."

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Erotica

Girl Crazy

Heather's fantasy of girl-on-girl sex becomes reality, and Brian has a front-row seat to his wife's lesbian lust.

By Brian Kellerman

Nearly 20 years ago when I was a newlywed I grew interested in the connection between the mind and desire. I'd just tied the knot with my dear Heather. Our relationship was something of a scandal in our snooty enclave. I'd left my first wife—a woman in so-called high society—in order to marry her. Our relationship was the talk of the town, mainly because Heather was 15 years younger than my ex. No one knew that my reason for divorce was a sexless, loveless marriage, and I didn't feel the need to fill them in.

But in return, I dealt with the sideways glances and whispered words. It was no matter to me. I was married to a beautiful woman who wanted to make love to me, and that was all that mattered. That was worth a couple of snide comments in the grocery store.

When it came to desiring Heather, I had no shame—and to this day, even as she turns 45, she remains the sexiest woman I've ever known.

Heather has a flawless complexion and ice-blue eyes—and her nipples and both sets of lips are the same confectionary pink that practically invite you to take a taste. She also has a lavish crown of burnt sienna hair with just enough red in the mix to make her look like a walking ember. She's always worn it shoulder-length with Brigitte Bardot-bangs that set off her eyes to perfection. And thanks to a dance background, she's always kept a great figure, too. Her shapely legs and sculpted rear end look incredible in a skirt, and I love seeing her pert breasts in tight sweaters. She's a vision of beauty.

As for me, aside from my hair getting a little gray, I am pretty much the same today as I was back then—in that I can't keep my hands off her!

In fact, Heather and I have always been so very physical with each other that when we first got together I worried we would have to move away to escape the gossip mill. However, Heather didn't address the busybodies and instead responded by holding my hand, pulling me closer and leaning in to every public kiss. We eloped shortly after my divorce, and with my passionate younger wife at my side, I began compiling research for my first book on sexual fantasies.

Heather definitely had opinions on this subject, and I was eager to explore every one of them.

Then one night I wandered into the bathroom to chat with her while she was soaking in the tub, something I did often.

That particular night I had a proposal for her.

I sat beside her on the floor as my gorgeous nude mermaid blew soapy bubbles at me.

I was uncharacteristically hesitant to speak at first. In fact, I'd been rather quiet for hours, and I know my perceptive bride noticed.

"Are you going to tell me what you've been brooding about all day?" Heather asked as she reached out to give my shoulder a wet squeeze. "You don't usually keep me in suspense."

I turned and kissed her hand. "Sorry about that." I paused. "I just wanted to make sure I was certain about this before I even brought it up."

"Oh, do tell. This sounds intriguing." Heather sat up, and it was hard for me—pun intended—to stay focused on the conversation as I watched droplets of water roll off her breasts.

"You know how people sometimes use anonymous surveys for research?"

Heather nodded.

"Well, I'm thinking I might want to take a more personalized approach to my topic."

"What do you mean?"

I took a deep breath before saying, "I was hoping you might be a first-person investigator, and do some fieldwork."

Heather smirked. "Sexual fieldwork? Are you getting sick of me?"

"God, no!" I chuckled. "But hear me out. I want to examine what makes a person act out a fantasy—and consider why some fantasies only stay in the mind."

"So are you saying you want to hear more about some of the crazy things I've done?" Heather winked at me and pulled her hand away to slowly caressed her breasts before reaching under the bubbles—right between her thighs.

"Y-yes, that's part of it."

Heather smiled and arched her back as the rhythmic movements of her arm hinted at her erotic actions below the water.

"Oh, fuck. I love it when you touch yourself."

Forget science—my erection was straining against my boxers.

"Focus," Heather admonished, licking her lips. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"I want you to act out a fantasy that you've never done in real life."

"Oooh," Heather moaned. "This is sounding better and better to me."

I tried to snap back to work mode, but no dice. Watching my stunning wife writhe as she got herself off short-circuited everything in my brain.

"Are your fingers in your pussy?" I leaned in and kissed her neck.

Heather moaned and nodded as she said, "Just one."

"That's not enough. Stuff that little hole. Open it wide, and get it ready for me."

My wife flashed me a wicked grin and pushed away the bubbles with her free hand to give me a better view of the action, and boy, was I glad she did!

"I saw their tongues dancing together and witnessed their raw sapphic heat."

"Better?" she asked breathlessly.

I saw she now had three fingers pumping away at her pussy. She always kept her cunt lips shaved smooth. But the little reddish brown triangle on her mound was like a miniature kelp forest patrolling the beautiful pink reef below. I exhaled and pulled her close for a kiss.

A few moments later, I scooped her out of the tub and carried my wet wife to our bed. We made love for the remainder of the night. But in the morning while we were sitting down with coffee, I brought up the research project again.

"So, are you game?" I asked. "Would you be my field investigator?"

"You mean your test subject."

"Well, you are a beautiful specimen."

Heather sipped from her mug and smirked. "I must say I'm intrigued. What are the parameters?"

"We're spending the holidays out west. What if we say you have unlimited freedom to explore during our trip." I sat my mug down and leaned in. "No strings, no judgments. You can take whatever dirty dream you're willing to experience in real life and make it come true."

"This isn't some ploy to convince me to become a swinger, is it?" she asked. Her question shocked me, but I could tell she was dead serious.

"No, no—you don't have to do anything you don't want to do." I reached over and held her hand. "But if there's something on your sexual bucket list that's always been a fantasy and you're open to experiencing it, I'll help you make it happen. All I ask is that you keep a journal about it—and let me read it later."

Heather looked intrigued once more and asked, "Are you open to sharing in any of the experiences?"

"Yes."

"Well, since we're passing through Las Vegas," Heather began.

"Go on," I said with a nod as I squeezed her arm gently. "There's nothing I would judge you for wanting."

"I know," Heather said, pausing for a long moment. "I was just reminiscing for a second. You remember me telling you about my old female roommate who wanted to hook up, but I shied away?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I've always wondered what if. What it would have been like to have sex with another woman."

Anticipation soared inside me as she spoke.

"If you're open to it, Vegas has some beautiful women—escorts, that is—and I'd love to have one of them lick my pussy, so I can finally feel what it's like when a girl does it." Heather shrugged and blushed a bit after making her confession.

Her words gave me an instant hard-on as erotic pictures flashes through my mind.

"That sounds amazing," I told her.

My wife smirked and knowingly reached down to cup my bulge under the table. "Your enthusiasm is palpable. Why don't you put it to good use and see who's available to play with me?"

"Can't that wait?" I groaned. "There seems to be a more urgent need."

Heather reached into my boxers and caressed my shaft. "That feels very urgent," she whispered in my ear before kissing her way down my neck.

Right there in the middle of the kitchen, she knelt before me and said, "I want you to tell me what you want to see me do with another woman while I suck you."

Heather pulled up the hem of her chemise and revealed she wore no panties. Then she touched herself as she took the head of my dick in her mouth.

I closed my eyes as the silken sensation of her mouth and tongue completely overwhelmed me.

I tried to speak, but my voice caught in my throat as I felt her swallowing my shaft. All attempts of mine to oblige my wife's request for commentary were short-circuited by the electric pleasure I felt. Heather is such a champion cocksucker. It's a wonder I didn't blow my load immediately.

She pulled back and exhaled, laughing when she saw my flushed face and desperate expression.

"Mmmm, looks like someone needs to fuck me right now."

"In your ass, please." I whispered, helping her up.

"Maybe," she teased, turning around to flash me her pale behind. "If you can catch it!"

She laughed and sprinted for the bedroom, and I followed her.

She positioned herself on her hands and knees, and first I lapped at her pink folds and beautiful rosebud. Then it was her turn to moan in desperation. I

grabbed some lube to slicken her up even more and eased the head of my dick past her anal ring.

Heather moaned, and I asked, "Is that good?"

"Oh, yes," she said, sliding a finger into her pussy. "I love feeling so filled up."

"I'd love to see your pussy filled with a hot girl's strap-on, while I fuck your perfect ass. Does that sound fun?" I gave her butt a playful slap.

"Yes, please!" Heather groaned in delight as I slid deeper into her.

We both lost ourselves in pleasure as I stroked in and out of her snug hole, while her fingers wriggled inside her pussy. It wasn't long before I made my wife come.

Her back passage clenched around me as her orgasm hit and girl juice seeped out of her pussy. I felt my hot load threatening to burst free, so I pulled out and decorated her beautiful ass with strands of pearly spunk. We collapsed together, panting and satisfied.

I wish I could say the days flew by until our trip to Vegas. But I don't think I have ever had so much anticipation for an erotic encounter. This was special, though. Not only was I going to get to see my wife make love to another woman. It was going to be the fulfillment of one of her long-held fantasies, and that made the concept extra exciting for me.

After I'd researched some reputable sources for quality escorts, my wife and I sat down together and went through some of the ladies' profiles to select the perfect person. I commented when asked for an opinion, but ultimately I left the final decision up to Heather. This was her fantasy, after all.

"A blonde with big boobs is classic," Heather mused. "But I want someone with an edge."

"Oh yeah?"

"I like her." She pointed out a champagne blonde with a pixie cut. She was wearing high heels, nylons and a leather jacket—and nothing else.

"Rock 'n' roll meets Hollywood glamour." I studied the woman's images. "I like her, too."

"Hey, if we're gonna go wild, let's go for broke."

The woman's name was Pearl—or at least that was her name on the site—and we sent her an email to connect.

Much to our delight, Pearl responded enthusiastically saying she loved working with couples and definitely enjoyed first-timers like Heather. When our holiday break finally rolled around, I don't think I've ever been so excited to get on a plane.

After Heather and I landed and settled in, we got dressed and took a cab to an upscale club where Pearl had agreed to meet us for drinks. I think I was more nervous than Heather. But she and Pearl connected instantly. I ordered the three of us a bottle of champagne and kept the glasses full while the ladies laughed and talked.

"Brian," Pearl said, slipping her arm around my wife. "I don't say this lightly. But you might be the luckiest man on Earth to have landed a woman like her."

"I know I am." I replied, raising my glass.

Heather giggled. "You're both making me blush."

Pearl ran her hand through Heather's hair and said, "Well, let's finish this round, and I'd like to do more, if we're all on board?"

Heather lit up like a Christmas tree. "You bet."

"You ladies are in charge tonight." I grinned, watching Heather slide her hand over to rest on Pearl's thigh.

After we downed the last of the bubbly, we took a cab back to our suite. Heather wasted no time, though. During the drive, she and Pearl didn't refrain from making out, with me sandwiched between them.

As hot as it was to witness my wife flirting with and kissing another beautiful woman, I didn't want to interfere. That night was all about Heather's desires and fantasies, so I tried to hold back until I was actively invited to participate.

Once we got to the room, Pearl pushed Heather down on the bed and got on top of her. As I saw their tongues dancing together and witnessed their raw sapphic heat, I was as much aroused as I was out of my depth. There was a whole other side to Heather's sexual being that I would have never guessed existed.

Heather reached around and unzipped Pearl's dress, revealing the blonde's black lace lingerie.

Pearl unhooked her brassiere and dangled her large enhanced breasts in my wife's face as she said, "Go on, I know you've been staring at them all night."

Heather laughed, but then got very serious as she began to suck and tease Pearl's nipples.

"Mmm, that's good." Pearl cooed at Heather, who looked very pleased with herself.

"They feel really nice," my wife said as she fondled her new friend's boobs.

"Let's see yours."

Pearl slid down Heather's skimpy dress straps to reveal her perky tits. My wife gasped as Pearl pinched and teased her sensitive nipples. Then the blonde worked her way down Heather's stomach and raised the hem of her short dress. Her fingers darted underneath my wife's sheer pink panties, and Heather moaned.

"Someone's so very wet for me already," Pearl murmured.

The blonde glanced over at me. I nodded with approval and said, "She's hot for you."

Pearl peeled off Heather's panties, and my wife spread her thighs wide before the other woman dove in.

I've always enjoyed eating out my wife, but watching Pearl work was a master class in how to please a woman. I moved closer to the bed to take it all in and make as many mental notes as possible.

Pearl's tongue prodded and probed, and then danced. And she knew exactly when to suck Heather's clit and where to stroke along her slit.

"I'm gonna make her squirt," Pearl said, glancing over at me. I was probably drooling like an idiot.

"Heather's entire body shook as the torrent of girl juice gushed from her snatch."

My wife has always been juicy, but I'd never believed she could squirt!

I watched as Pearl fingered and teased Heather until her creamy skin flushed red like I'd never seen before. And then Heather's entire body shook as a torrent of girl juice gushed from her snatch.

After her first girl-induced squirting orgasm, Heather looked blissfully exhausted. Pearl held my wife and stroked her softly as she came down from her orgasmic high. I figured we were going to call it a night, but happily my wife had other plans.

"I hope your cock is exceedingly hard and ready for us both," Heather said with a smile. "I told you—on this trip I wanted my pussy eaten by a hot girl," she said, pausing to kiss Pearl. "But I also want both my holes stuffed, too."

"I love a woman who knows what she wants," Pearl said with a wink. "You better give it to her!"

I responded, "How could I ever say no?"

I immediately dropped trou and eagerly joined them on the comfortable bed, where Pearl and I sandwiched my wife for another round of wet orgasms.

With Pearl's unyielding strap-on and my overexcited dick, we went at it until sunrise.

A couple of days later when we arrived back home, Heather handed me a small notebook and said, "Here you go."

"What's this?"

"My field notes. You asked for a written account, remember?" She winked at me and gave me a kiss. "I sure hope your memories are still fresh, though."

"You bet they are," I chuckled.

"I'm going to draw a bath. You can come in later and tell me what you think."

As my wife headed to the second floor master bathroom, I opened the notebook to find only two sentences:

"While the experience of fulfilling this longstanding fantasy was immensely pleasurable, further studies are needed. I suggest we do Vegas again in the spring and commence intensive DP sessions immediately."

I heard the water running above and closed the book. Research or not, a hot new chapter had just started in our marriage, and I couldn't get up the stairs fast enough to be part of it!

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Room Service

Cecilia likes to mix business with pleasure and encounters a very solicitous hotel employee who meets her—and her husband's—exacting needs.

By Cecilia Stone

Jackson kissed me on the forehead and said, "Have a nice trip." I immediately felt a wave of worry. I hated being away from him, even though I had to travel for my job.

"I'll miss you," I told him.

He kissed me again, slipping his tongue into my mouth. This time, instead of a wave of sadness, I felt a flood of arousal.

"There's lots of wheeling and dealing to do. And maybe, just maybe, you can find an adventure." He said the words with his mouth pressed up against my ear. Then he bit my lobe and a shiver of excitement ran through me.

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean. Then afterward you can call me to report on your success, and we can spend some quality phone time together."

He cupped my mound through my jeans as he spoke to me.

Inside my bulky sweater my skin broke out in goosebumps and my nipples grew hard and sensitive.

"How's that sound?"

I struggled to find my voice because arousal had stolen it.

"It sounds good. It sounds … yes."

I wondered if I'd be able to find a guy. I was picky. He knew that. Was this challenge to distract me from my fretfulness or was it an honest mission of a frisky nature?

He grabbed the back of my hair, tugged until I tilted my head back and kissed me hard.

"Call me and tell me what's going on. Then when you get home, I'll reclaim your pussy."

I gasped against his mouth and considered canceling my trip and leading him to the bedroom.

Instead, I climbed into my work van, gave him a kiss through the open window and aimed myself toward my destination.

Usually, I'd be plotting my purchases for my shop and deciding how to haggle for deals, in addition to wondering if I had enough room in my van or if it was time for a bigger one.

Instead, I was shifting in my seat with my heartbeat thumping not just in my chest, but in my pussy, too. I wondered if my hotel had a bar or a restaurant. Or a pool–with a handsome pool boy.

I laughed to myself.

If there was a guy available for my amusement–our amusement–I'd find him. I'm good that way.

When I finally pulled up in front of the hotel, I was tired and ready for a hot shower and a hot drink. I found a place to park, grabbed my bags and headed to the front desk.

A petite blonde woman was helping

a flustered older man. She looked a bit flustered herself. She flashed a forced smile at me and said, "Just one moment. I'm still assisting this gentleman. I'll get someone else to help you."

She grabbed the phone, murmured into it and hung up before telling me, "It'll be just a minute."

"No worries," I told her.

And there weren't. Because when a young man stepped out from the back room in a blue shirt and khaki pants, I realized I'd found my candidate.

Roy, according to his handy nametag, got me checked in as I studied his strong jaw, wheat-colored hair and big brown eyes.

He was big and strong, like someone who worked on a farm. I was already fantasizing about pulling his button down off his broad shoulders and watching his muscles flex.

He said something, and I didn't respond right away.

I blinked at him, realizing he was waiting for an answer, and said, "Sorry?"

"Do you need any help finding your room?" Roy asked.

He was professional, smooth and cool. But he faltered just then, allowing his eyes to travel slowly down my body, and there was a twinkle of lust in his eyes.

I liked it. It gave me hope.

"I sure do. I've been driving and–"

"I'll help you," he said eagerly, cutting me off and forcing me to hide a triumphant smile.

Roy carried my bags, and I admired his tight ass as he walked ahead of me. We took the elevator to the second floor, and he used a key card to unlock my door.

We entered, and he dropped my bags. We were standing a bit too close in the narrow entryway. Ahead was the bed. To our right was the bathroom, with a lovely glass shower and gray faux wood floor.

He went into his spiel: "There's a restaurant that closes at eight. The bar remains open until ten. Then we have a small shop by the front desk that's open 24/7, should you want anything late at night."

I touched his name tag. "Roy?"

"Yes?" he asked, swallowing hard.

He was adorable.

"What time do you get off?" I almost laughed at my double entendre.

"In an hour."

"Do you have wine in that little shop by the front desk? I mean bottles?"

"We do. We have–"

I put my hand over his mouth. Then I kicked off my boots and pulled off my sweater.

I was feeling bold.

"I'm going to take a really hot shower. Bring up a bottle of red at the end of your shift–charge it to my room. That is, if you're interested in having a nightcap with me," I said with a smoldering glance.

"If there was a guy available for my amusement— our amusement— I'd find him."

He nodded vigorously, and I smiled. Then I unhooked my bra and tossed it toward the bed.

"See you later, Roy."

I left him standing there in the hall. I went into the bathroom and stripped completely before getting under the hot shower spray.

I heard him shut the door as he left.

Then I began daydreaming, wondering what his tongue would feel like on my pussy and how big his dick was.

Very soon, I'd know.

An hour later, on the dot, there was a knock on the door. My wine had arrived, and so had my adventure.

I opened the door, stepped back and let him in. He'd taken off his tie and his name tag. He set down the bottle and two glasses.

"I told them I'd bring this up before I headed home. We're not supposed to fraternize. I could–"

"Go down the back staircase when you leave. Think about it." I ran my finger down his chest to his belly and then lower.

His cock was like stone.

"Looks like you've made up your mind. Or part of you has."

I slipped my hand down into his waistband, my fingertips skating over smooth cotton. I slid my hand into his underwear, found his shaft and squeezed him. His eyes rolled and his lids fluttered.

"I can stay," he said.

"Good idea."

He grabbed me more roughly than I anticipated, and his aggressiveness sent a thrill through me. His mouth came down on mine, and I gave his dick another squeeze. He thrust against my hand; his eagerness was infectious.

"Touch me," I said.

I was wearing only an oversized white tee. He slid his hand beneath the hem, found my pussy and drove a finger into me.

"God, you're wet," he said.

"I've been waiting. The longer I waited, the wetter I got."

His lips wandered down my throat, and he bit me here and there. The blips of pain flared through me and then arousal pooled like warm syrup between my thighs.

I was so horny, so ready for him, I ached.

"Take off your clothes," I told him. I whipped my tee over my head and watched him undress.

He nudged me toward the bed, and I laid back with my ass on the edge of the mattress and my legs dangling over the side.

Roy got on his knees, and his mouth covered my pussy eagerly. His tongue was a slick strip of pleasure, and his teeth nibbled my thighs.

He shoved a couple of fingers in my pussy, thrusting and working me into a frenzy. He lapped at me, dragging the rigid tip of his tongue over my clit until my restless hips danced wildly.

His fingers pushed deeper, stroking me and touching the most desperate places inside me, and I came. I cried out with my orgasm, pulling his hair hard enough to make him grunt.

He stood, and his stiff cock was like a divining rod—standing out hard and straight. I purred as I sat up, then took him in my hand and directed him toward my mouth. My lips, tongue and stroking hand brought him right to the edge. Right where he was panting for air and struggling to maintain his control.

He growled, and the sound made shivers shoot down my spine. He moved forward quickly, pressing my knees high to my chest and spreading me open wide. I was at his mercy.

He placed his cock against my wet slit and pushed into me slowly at first. When I gasped and writhed beneath him, he surged forward, filling me fast and hard. I hooked my ankles behind his back, locking him against me.

He slipped his hand beneath my neck and kissed me. His other arm slid under my back. He held me still and close, and fucked me hard. He moved deep inside me, hardly pulling free before thrusting in again.

With every inward stroke, he bumped against my clit and sent shock waves through my body. I clenched my pussy tight around his driving cock and smiled when he groaned.

He rocked his lean hips, and I practically hissed with delight.

"I'm going to come soon," he said through gritted teeth.

"Me, too," I admitted.

I squeezed my cunt again, and he groaned once more. Another squeeze and then I groaned.

"Don't you come yet," I said. My voice faded as my clenching muscles kicked off pleasurable spasms I could no longer control. I was helpless.

I clutched his biceps as my orgasm hit me hard and fast. I cried out as I came, relishing the liquid pleasure that flowed through me.

"Jesus, you feel so good," he said.

Splaying my fingers against his chest, I pushed him away from me. He stood abruptly, looking confused. I made him back up a bit, and when he moved, his cock bobbed like it was a balloon on a string.

Perched on the edge of the bed, I asked, "Do you want me to suck your cock?"

He caught on and nodded.

I leaned forward and took him in my mouth, holding my hands behind my back. I slid my lips down his shaft. After a moment, I broke free and lapped at his sac until his hands were balling into fists at his sides. Then I slipped my mouth down his shaft again. I almost swallowed him all, making him groan.

He had a big dick.

When he was close to coming, I backed off a bit and used my hand. I stroked his spit-slick dick quickly, pulling a desperate sound out of him. I gripped him firmly and worked him faster but sucked his cockhead slowly. Finally, his fingers threaded through my damp hair and gripped me hard enough to make my eyes tear. Then he said, "I'm coming. God, I'm coming."

He started to pull away from me, but I held his thighs and kept my mouth around his dick as he released hot spurts of cream. I swallowed his load and stared up at him to ask, "Do you want to come back and visit me tomorrow?"

He nodded, appearing to be at a loss for words.

I stood, wiped my lips and kissed him before saying, "Get dressed and go home to rest. I'll see you tomorrow. Now, I have to call my husband and tell him all about tonight."

He looked a little stunned, but like a good boy, he did as ordered.

I called Jackson to tell him everything. He told me to touch myself, and from the sounds he made as I spoke, I knew he was jerking off. When I got to the part about my climax, he came on the other end of the line. That set me off. We shared a moment of blissful silence and then he said, "Let me tell you what I want you to do tomorrow."

I listened and realized I couldn't wait to fulfill his fantasy.

I was up and out early the next morning. I perused the trade show and exchanged stories with fellow dealers. All the while, in the back of my mind was my impending date with Roy. Big, lanky, handsome, ready-to-please Roy.

When I returned to the hotel hours later, my chest was buzzing with excitement and my pussy was molten.

I passed the front desk, noticing Roy wasn't there. I glanced at my watch and realized it was past his shift.

Maybe he'd left already, I thought.

Disappointment hit me hard. I didn't want to let Jackson down, and I'd so been looking forward to playing with my new friend.

But my fears faded when I walked into my room to see Roy sprawled on the bed. He was naked and smiling–and his cock was invitingly erect.

"Hope this is OK," he said.

"It's more than OK," I replied.

I stripped while he watched, and once I was nude, he sat up a bit straighter and so did his cock.

Knowing what my husband wanted me to offer this young man made me slick and warm between my thighs.

"Ready for me?" I asked.

"Hell yeah."

"So, I figure," I paused, making him squirm. "You'll eat my pussy, and if you do it well, I'll let you fuck my ass."

He looked like he'd swallowed his tongue, and I laughed.

I crawled onto the bed, straddled his pelvis and slowly took his hard cock into my cunt, making him grunt.

I lowered myself some more, but then pulled off him and said, "Lay flat."

I moved to let him reposition himself and then straddled his face.

I pressed my pussy to his mouth, and he lapped at my slit eagerly. His tongue was quick and clever. He drove it into my pussy like he was fucking me before swiping strokes over my clit.

I moved my hips and sank just a bit lower.

His muscular arms came up and his hands cupped my ass, holding me steady as he ate me.

I rotated my hips and shut my eyes. I stroked my nipples and pinched them as he dragged his wet tongue across my tender flesh.

"That's good. Like that. I'm going to come," I said as he focused on my clit.

I rocked my hips faster, pushing down on his mouth. He groaned, knowing if he met with my approval, he could fuck my ass. His sounds were a mixture of anticipation and excitement.

They got me off. Hard.

I came, grabbing the headboard. My climax hit me with exquisite force. My hips rocked forward, and he grabbed me, anchoring me to his face as he finished me off.

I moved down to straddle his hips

again. This time, I let his thick cock slide into me quickly all the way to the base. I watched his face—slick with my juices—as I rode him.

"You want to fuck my ass?"

He nodded. That was it. No words.

"Are you sure?" I draped myself over his torso, pressing my breasts against his warm chest, and kissed him.

"Yes, I'm sure," he managed to utter.

I climbed off him, stroking my clit and then pushed my slick fingers into his mouth. He sucked them, grunting, his eyes looking a bit wild.

I got on my hands and knees, facing away from him. I looked over my shoulder and said, "Come on, then. Stick that big, fat dick in my ass."

I've never seen someone get on his knees so fast.

"Fuck my pussy first. Get my juices all over you. Then do it."

His breath was ragged as he obeyed me. He grabbed my hips, lined his cock up with my cunt and slammed into me repeatedly. My pussy clutched his shaft with pleasurable, rhythmic spasms.

"Now," I ordered. "Fuck my ass now."

He pulled free and pushed his cock against my back hole. He advanced slowly, and I reared back to take him. He sighed as he entered me with ease. He stayed still for a moment, and then his fingers dug into me and his hips started to move at a sure and steady pace.

He suddenly seemed more bold, and his change in attitude thrilled me.

I slid a hand under my body, stroked my clit and felt my pussy quiver because I was on the edge.

The fullness of him in my ass created an exquisite feeling of pressure in my pussy.

His warm fingers splayed across my lower back. He stroked me there with a surprisingly gentle touch. His tender caress caught me off guard, and the pleasure of it all pushed me over the edge. I came, crying out with ecstasy.

"Fuck," he said, moving faster.

I pushed back against him repeatedly. I wanted him to come. No—I wanted him to explode. I wanted the pleasure of it to be too much for him.

"Come in my ass," I demanded, knowing those words would do him in.

They did. He shuddered against me, holding me tight. I felt the warmth and

"I slid a hand under my body, stroked my clit and felt my pussy quiver."

rush of his load pulsing into me. He pulled out of my ass and flopped back, exhaling loudly. I crawled to him and kissed his neck. He grabbed my hair, wound it around his fist and pulled me in for a deep kiss.

I got up and poured two glasses of the wine he'd brought.

We drank it slowly in bed.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Now we finish our wine and then we say goodbye. I owe my husband a phone call. He'll want to know everything. Then tomorrow I head home. But maybe I'll see you next time I'm in town?"

"I'm totally in. It's a date," he answered with a wide, enthusiastic smile.

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My Most Unforgettable Lay

Jason's Women

A magnanimous pal who likes to share has provided Mack with some of the most memorable sexual moments of his life!

By Mack Raine

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

Jason was in his senior year when I arrived at the university. He was a splashy guy, very popular. He was also genuinely nice and quite generous. Jason's family had money, and he would give fellow students small loans. He even had some pull with the college administration and helped arrange housing.

To top it off, he was also dating one of the hottest women on campus. Her name was Jaclyn, and I developed a wicked crush on her. But Jason wasn't so generous that he would loan me his girlfriend. That could *never* happen.

Right?

Jason walked right up to me and introduced himself one day.

"Nice to meet you, Mack," he said, shaking my hand with a confident grip. He did this with a lot of newcomers, like he was welcoming them to his personal turf. But he wasn't at all snooty. He invited me to a party at his off-campus home.

I'd seen Jaclyn on Jason's arm, on campus. Even from afar I was struck by her elegant features, graceful movements and lovely body. Jason was one lucky son of a bitch.

That Saturday I dutifully arrived at Jason's place to find the party was already underway. Jason rented a house, which had to be a lot nicer than living in a dorm, like I was.

Dozens of people were milling outside. I climbed to the porch and stepped tentatively through the two-story house's open front door.

To his credit, Jason didn't live in luxury. The rented house was just an ordinary home. Lots of guests were inside. I recognized a few faces and said my hellos.

Jason appeared and slapped his arm over my shoulders and said, "Mack, glad you made it." He steered me into another room, saying, "I want you to meet Jaclyn."

And there I was, face-to-face with the woman I'd mooned over at a distance for weeks. Up close she was even more beautiful, with flawless skin and sparkling eyes. She dazzled me with her smile.

"You two get acquainted," Jason said before heading off to play host.

Jaclyn was still smiling at me, then in a throaty voice that stirred my cock in my pants said, "Tell me about yourself."

I stammered through a brief autobiography. But Jaclyn stayed with me even after I'd finished telling my uneventful life story, and soon we were conversing like sophisticated adults. She was witty and smart. And ... flirty?

Jaclyn kept brushing my forearm with her fingertips when she wanted to make some point. When I made a joke, she laughed and leaned toward me. One time, her breast grazed my upper arm. I felt the firm swell of it even after she moved back.

She was paying a *lot* of attention to me, I realized. Somehow we'd been talking for hours as the party carried on around us. Guests were beginning to leave. Jason had a strict cutoff time for

the festivities. He didn't want to annoy his neighbors on the residential street.

But I really didn't want to leave Jaclyn.

"I guess I should get back to the dorm," I said reluctantly.

She reached out and took my hand. Her touch was electric.

"Come upstairs before you go. I want to show you something."

Jaclyn led me through the last of the stragglers, up the stairs to the second story. No one else was there. Then she took me into a bedroom and shut the door.

My throat was tight. My poor cock was throbbing, and I was trying to hide it. What was happening?

"What did you want to show me?" I asked in a shaky voice.

Jaclyn was wearing a dress. With a sudden fluid move that dress was pooled on the floor. She wore no underwear and stood facing me: naked, glowing and unbearably gorgeous.

Incredulous, I gaped at her succulent tits, the glowing sheen of her skin and her smooth thighs. She reached a hand down between her legs and parted the lips of her shaved pussy.

I was stunned–and fantastically turned on. So, of course, I said the dumbest thing possible: "What about Jason?"

She gestured to an open laptop on a desk facing the bed. "He can see us through the camera. He'll watch us while we fuck. You do want to fuck me, don't you, Mack?"

I'd never been in a situation like this. But I understood it. There was also no holding back my desire for this woman. If Jason wanted to watch me bang his beautiful, horny girlfriend, I would oblige them both.

I stripped, gasping with relief as my steel-hard cock sprang free. Jaclyn grinned, her eyes fastened to my meat, as desire shone on her face.

Yet I wasn't completely convinced this wasn't some crazy practical joke until we were both on the bed, in each other's arms, with our naked bodies pressed together. We kissed ravenously, our tongues tangling.

Her skin was like silk, her body beautifully toned. She squeezed my ass, and I laid my hand over the exquisite mound of her breast. It was like touching a dream. Her nipple stood stiff and inviting.

She took my cock in her hand, and a wave of pleasure washed over me. I ran my fingertips up the slick slit of her pussy, then slipped my middle digit inside. She was wet and eager, and I stroked her clit until she cried out.

A fiery energy danced between us, leaping from one body, then back to the other. Hot excitement was flaring like a fever in my head. I wanted this woman in every way possible. Following my sexual instincts, I kissed my way down her figure, pausing to suck on her tits, then I found myself between her legs. Her gleaming pussy was right in front of my face.

I licked her, showering her clit with attention. I frantically stroked it with my tongue, and her hips began to jerk. Her fingers tangled in my hair, clutching tight as she began bucking against my face.

"Jason—wherever he was watching from—would be jacking off to our brazen sexual display."

Her juices filled my mouth, but she didn't give me time to savor them. We reversed positions, and I watched, still halfway astonished, as this lovely woman closed her lips around my engorged knob and dropped her mouth straight down my cock to my balls.

She was a fantastic cocksucker. Her tongue wriggled pleasingly, and she took me into her throat with every plunge, keeping up a nice suction.

But she pulled her mouth away before I could shoot my load. Then she said, "I want you to fuck me doggy-style!"

It was only then–as she got onto all fours and I moved in hurriedly behind her–that I remembered Jason was watching us from the laptop camera a few feet away. He'd seen everything so far.

Jaclyn turned her face toward the computer. "I hope you come hard with us, baby!" she said. "Jerk that cock for me!"

As I slipped my own slick dick into her from behind, I realized it hadn't occurred to me that Jason–wherever he was watching from–would be jacking off to our brazen sexual display. Why else would he have arranged this? We were his sex show.

Surprisingly, the idea excited me. I, too, grinned at the camera, my face still sticky with Jaclyn's juices.

Then I proceeded to fuck her. Her back flexed, and she purred soft, appreciative sounds that fell just short of being moans. My fingers sank into the ripe flesh of her ass and held on tight.

I picked up the tempo and our bodies slapped together noisily, my cock slamming home with every stroke.

Jaclyn reached beneath herself to stroke her clit while I pounded her pussy. I could feel her growing wetter as her arousal skyrocketed. Her purrs changed to cries that spilled from her throat and rose through the octaves.

I was moving like a piston, and my pleasure was intense. With a moan of my own, I let loose my cream. Each orgasmic spurt felt like its own climactic event as Jaclyn came seconds after me.

Panting and spent, I pulled out of her quivering cunt. Jaclyn closed the laptop, and I dressed and left the house. I didn't know what I would do when I next ran into her–or Jason.

I needn't have worried about any awkwardness, either with Jaclyn or Jason. He remained friendly, and she arranged to have me come round several more times that freshman year and fuck her while Jason watched from a remote location.

Later, I learned Jaclyn had a rotating cast of lovers for their enjoyment. I didn't mind being part of an ensemble. It was kind of a turn-on, in fact.

Jason graduated to much academic fanfare, and life at the university somehow carried on without his dynamic presence. Jaclyn had graduated as well, but I dated other women and still had a great sex life.

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

I also excelled in my studies, moving rapidly toward a business degree.

When my own graduation came around, I was nervous about facing the job market. Out of the blue I was contacted by a firm. They wanted to interview me.

Surprised and delighted, I showed up in my best suit. There, I found out it was Jason's company. He'd founded it with his family's money, but had shown quick profits. He had paid his family back, was established in the field all on his own—and was interested in recruiting me.

Jason himself didn't interview me. But I said something dumb anyway: "Why does he want to hire me?"

The middle-aged woman who was my interviewer raised an eyebrow. "He maintains connections with his alma mater. He always knows when new talent hits the market."

I got the job.

I worked my ass off to prove myself. It wasn't until I'd been there a few months that Jason finally visited my office. He looked even more confident and charismatic than he did when we'd first met. We shook hands warmly.

"Mack, I've seen your numbers. I was right about you. Come to the manse this Saturday. I'll introduce you to my wife."

The "manse" turned out to be a sprawling property, and Saturday was still apparently party night. There were caterers and valets and lots of fancy guests milling on a huge lawn.

Once more Jason appeared as if from nowhere and laid his arm over my shoulders. He walked me into the house, to a room with just a few guests. A woman turned as we entered.

I'd halfway expected his wife to be Jaclyn. Instead, I stood before a woman easily as beautiful, with sensual features, beguiling eyes and a lush figure molded into a black dress.

"This is Daisy," Jason said. To her: "I've told you about Mack, my dear."

Jason winked and left me with her, and I wondered if history was trying to repeat itself. But it couldn't be! Jason had been a larger-than-life college student, the literal big man on campus. Now he was a respected businessman. Surely he didn't still indulge himself with voyeuristic sex games—or did he?

Daisy was very charming. She drew me into conversation, and I fell under her spell. She was intelligent, funny and seemed really interested in me.

As Jaclyn had done years ago, she casually touched me as we spoke. She had a crackling sexual energy about her—nothing crass, just a dynamic, simmering sensuality.

After the other guests left the room, Daisy stepped closer to me, took my chin in her fingers and pushed her mouth softly against mine. I froze a moment, then melted helplessly into the kiss. It was sensuous, lingering and somehow

ferociously intimate, even though I didn't feel the graze of her tongue.

When the kiss finally broke, she said, "Would you like to come upstairs with me, Mack?"

My cock was already tenting my slacks as I asked, "Will Jason be watching?" I wanted him to watch.

"Of course." She smiled, and it was like harp strings and the twang of Cupid's arrows.

I followed her up, gazing at her gorgeous backside in the tight dress. We walked down a long corridor to a large bedroom. I wondered how many other men had preceded me there. Perversely, I hoped it was dozens. Hundreds. I wanted Daisy to be getting strange cock every night—and to have Jason watching as he pulled on his own meat.

Something in the scenario hit a primal sexual button inside me. I had never forgotten my escapades with Jaclyn in school. I'd also never expected to revisit such a scene. I was immensely grateful to Jason for sharing his women with me.

The bedroom was luxurious, the bed itself huge and plush. I looked around, wondering where the camera was, wondering too where Jason would have slipped away to in order to watch us. Why did he do this while there was a big party going on? Maybe it was a turn-on for him, doing something so naughty while he was supposed to be the respectable host. Whatever made him happy.

Daisy stepped out into the middle of the room, indicating I should wait. I watched, pulse quickening, as she unfastened her black dress and let it slip down her body to pool around her feet. Again like Jaclyn that first time, she wore no underthings.

I beheld her unclad form. She was like a sculpture. Her unblemished skin shone. Her breasts were high and firm, capped with tiny pinkish nipples. Her waist was trim, belly flat. Her pussy was shaved bare.

She looked at me with twinkling eyes, then suddenly leapt into a whirling dance. She was incredibly graceful and sexy, like a ballerina crossed with a cabaret dancer. She twirled, her luscious tits jiggling enticingly, while her arms swept arcs across the entire room.

I imagined she was answering my never-asked question, telling me the camera or cameras could be anywhere or even everywhere. Jason could certainly afford the best surveillance equipment. This whole bedroom might be monitored from multiple angles.

Finally, Daisy crooked her finger at me. I hurried toward her, dropping my clothes as I went. My cock waggled before me as I approached, then I took her in my arms. I'd fucked Jason's girlfriend. Now I would fuck Jason's wife.

Daisy's body felt glorious against mine. She crushed herself against me, and our mouths quickly found one another once more. Her teeth nipped my lower lip playfully as she pressed her tits to my chest. I jammed my achingly hard cock against her midriff.

We stumbled two steps sideways and fell across the big bed. She was still radiating that thrumming sexual energy.

I groped her perfect breasts, plucking at her swollen nipples. She moaned with unabashed pleasure, a sound that raised gooseflesh on me. I felt like I was touching a body that could topple an empire, like in

some old Roman or Greek fable.

But when she reached down and grabbed my cock, I knew for sure she was real. Her hand moved, pumping me slowly. Excitement sparked in my body with the intensity of a gasoline fire. For one second, I thought I was going to shoot off in her grip, but I got control of myself. Barely.

I wanted this to last, and I was sure Jason did, too.

I moved down to suck Daisy's tits, and she made more pleasurable sounds. I was encouraged, so I moved lower, kissing her belly. Slipping between her thighs, I inhaled her aroma as her legs closed over my shoulders. Her pussy shimmered before me, needy and waiting.

I put my tongue to her, and her body jerked. Her hips rolled, and she jammed her pussy against my face. My tongue tip parted her damp lips and her taste filled my mouth.

I honed in on her clit, and she began writhing, humping hard against my mouth. I caressed her swollen nub with my tongue, and her thighs clamped around my shoulders. Before long, she came hard.

But I stayed where I was and worked her slowly, leading her toward a second climax. I savored her taste and was pleased when her excitement built again. Part of me was aware that she was doing this for Jason, but I wanted her to really enjoy it, too.

She gasped, then a rising cry came from her throat. Her fingers grabbed hold of my hair, and she rode my face again as my tongue caressed her throbbing clit.

When I rose from between her legs, my chin was slick and my mouth was full of her delectable flavor.

Fiercely, she demanded, "Fuck my mouth!"

She faced me on hands and knees. I knelt in front of her, and her mouth was on the perfect level. Her lips closed around me, and she took every inch of me without a flinch. Her blazing eyes rolled up to meet mine. "Fuck my mouth," she'd said. And she meant it!

So I did. I held her head between my hands and fucked her sucking mouth like it was a pussy. Her tongue danced up and down my shaft. I felt my cockhead dip into her throat with every forceful stroke. She was fearless.

"I yanked myself out and started pumping pearly ropes of come across his wife's body."

My balls spanked her chin. I was in a daze, but there was a distant voice inside me. It said: "Jason deserves to see you fuck her pussy."

I pulled out of Daisy's lush mouth. She looked up at me hungrily, before wordlessly rolling onto her back and spreading her legs.

I moved into place, hoping Jason had the best angle possible. I hoped he had zoom and freeze frame. Hoped he recorded this and would watch it over and over.

I plunged into Daisy. I relished the lovely grip of her as I went deep, spearing her to her core. She wriggled beneath me as I stroked into her again and again.

Her hands came up, and her fingers sank into my sank into my shoulders in desperation. She was so close.

"Harder! Faster!" she panted.

I could only oblige. Within seconds, I was pounding her. I slammed her deep, giving her everything I had. It was apparently more than enough for her. She thrashed about as a continuous orgasmic cry poured from her pouty lips.

I was on overdrive, past the point of no return, but I knew Jason deserved a grand finale.

At the last instant I yanked myself out and started pumping thick pearly ropes of come across his wife's body. I striped her belly, her tits and her face.

I had no doubt we had pleased our audience of one.

My most unforgettable lay? It's impossible to pick just one. But the first times I screwed Jaclyn and Daisy are seared into my memory–forever.

Glass Act

KINKY KARMA MIRRORS OLIVIA'S LESBIAN LUST.

"I LOVE TOYING WITH OLIVIA'S DESIRES."
—KARMA

Someone Watching

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’s

Peep Show

My fixation started in college, and it started with Rhonda. I can only begin to describe how hot I thought she was. Rhonda was a beautiful young woman, a senior around the same age as me. She had a lithe, toned body and moved with absolute grace. But she was more than just physically exceptional. She was intelligent, witty and compassionate, and I had a wicked crush on her. We moved in the same general circles, so I got to hang out with her socially.

She was always friendly toward me, but I wasn't sure if she felt even an iota of the attraction I had for her. And I was too chickenshit to make a real move on her.

One evening, there was a party off-campus at someone's house. I knew Rhonda was going to be there. Summoning my courage, I set out. I promised myself I would give her a hint about my feelings—not so much that I'd spook her, but enough to let her know I was interested in her romantically. If she shot me down, I would somehow live with it.

The party was well underway by the time I arrived. I circulated, saying hello to various friends and acquaintances. I caught a glimpse of Rhonda in the next room. She was with a group of chatting guests.

I edged toward her, but when I had a good view of the scene, I saw a guy had his arm around her. I stopped short. Was he a boyfriend or just a friend?

I backed off and grabbed a beer. I eventually drank quite a few. Somehow, I ended up passed out on a bed upstairs, fully dressed. But at one point I stirred as the mattress shifted.

"This is crazy!" a familiar voice whispered. "Rick's right here!"

A male voice responded, "You said you wanted to screw right now, babe. This dude's out cold. It's here or a closet."

I heard kissing sounds. My sleepy brain was rapidly putting the situation together. It was Rhonda who'd spoken. I opened my eyes slightly. I was lying

along the far edge of the bed in semi-darkness. But there were two bodies next to me, one atop the other. A scant amount of outside light came in through the window.

Rhonda was on the bottom, and the guy from earlier was squirming on top of her, grinding his crotch against her. They were kissing heavily, tongues flashing wetly.

My heart raced, and an emotional pain lanced through me. There was the woman I'd cherished from afar getting it on with another man. And I had a front-row seat to the sexual spectacle.

But pain wasn't all I felt, I quickly realized. As I watched them undress each other, I saw Rhonda's bare tits; they were glorious. And when the guy shucked his pants, his big cock sprang into view. I was jealous as hell, yes. But I was excited, too. More than that, somehow my envious energy was magnifying my arousal. My cock grew so hard I thought it might burst out of my jeans.

Breathlessly, I watched Rhonda getting fucked by another man. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his waist. Her wrists crossed at the nape of his neck. She grinned up into his face as he plowed her.

I was on fire with a strange, potent excitement as her features reflected her ecstasy. A cry climbed out of her throat. The guy gave a loud grunt, and I knew he was spewing his spunk into her. I almost shot off right there.

I played possum until they'd dressed and left. But that night I discovered a deep truth about myself. I didn't just like to watch two people fuck. I liked it even more having an emotional investment in Rhonda and seeing her with another man. It touched some raw, primal place inside me. I'd never felt so alive as I did that magical night.

The trouble was: How could I recreate something like that?

I had a friend named Jake who was shamelessly into sex of all sorts. I told him about my curious kink, and he was sympathetic and eager to help me out. I was dating a woman named Linda. I liked her a lot, but I was going slow with her. We hadn't even gone to bed yet, though I sensed she was more than ready.

A plan occurred to me. I explained it to Jake, and he was game. I arranged for a social gathering at my apartment. I invited Linda, and Jake was there along with a few others. I watched Jake making subtle advances toward Linda, and I saw her respond to them. Maybe she was impatient with me. Maybe she just thought Jake was hot.

Wine was imbibed, everybody socialized, and then a while after the party had peaked, my apartment started emptying out. Finally, it was just me in the living room. But I hadn't seen Linda or Jake leave. I tiptoed back toward my bedroom. Jake had left the door slightly ajar, just like we'd discussed.

"There was the woman I'd cherished from afar getting it on with another man."

Linda and Jake were together on my bed. Even though I'd been expecting it—hoping for it!—the sight was a shock. I felt a reminiscent pain of betrayal and loss. I hadn't moved fast enough, and now some other man was with my woman. Though I was playing a role, my emotions felt real. I clutched my heart standing at the door, even as my cock grew as hard as steel.

They were halfway undressed, and Jake was sucking on her tits. He had his pants hanging half off his ass.

Linda suddenly called out, "Come in here, Rick! Get a better view."

Jake froze in mid-grind on top of her. I jumped at first, but realized the jig was up. I obeyed, pushing open the door and entering my bedroom. I expected her to tear me a new one, but instead she offered a wicked grin and said, "Sit down, get comfortable. I didn't know until tonight that this was what you wanted."

With that, she pulled Jake's startled face down on top of hers. Their tongues wrestled in a fierce kiss. Jake got back into his groove. He shimmied his pants all the way off and helped Linda finish undressing.

I sat in a chair in the corner and beheld my perfect view. Jake and Linda lay naked on my bed, not three steps away. This wasn't like that time with Rhonda. I didn't have to pretend to be asleep. Everybody was in on it; everyone was playing the same game.

I couldn't believe my luck!

Jake resumed sucking her lush tits, one after the other. She groaned and shoved each breast hard against his mouth. He kissed his way further down her body, and she happily spread her legs. I gazed at her toned thighs and sleek pussy. She was glistening with anticipatory wetness.

I gasped as Jake put his mouth on her cunt. His tongue lashed her pink flesh, and I put my hand on my crotch and rubbed the blatant bulge there. Excitement and powerful jealousy coursed through my body, awakening every nerve ending.

As Jake ate my woman, Linda grabbed a handful of his hair and humped against his face. Her ass lifted repeatedly off the bed until finally she gave a shout. When Jake came up from his deep dive, he was panting and his chin was shining with her juice.

He had her flavor on his tongue—a taste I had never known!

I rubbed myself harder. Then I remembered what Linda had said: Get comfortable.

She was obviously into this scene and wanted me to enjoy myself.

I stood, quickly stripped and sat back down. By now Jake was on his back, and Linda was taking her place between his spread legs. She had a hungry look on her face.

She scooped up his balls in her hand, kneading them softly, then extended her tongue and licked Jake's bloated cockhead. As I watched his reaction snap through him, I took my own cock in hand. Pleasure radiated from my groin,

↘ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

touching all my parts as I slowly pumped my shaft.

This was the luxury I hadn't had that night with Rhonda and her lover. Now I was free to touch myself. I knew Jake wouldn't mind, and Linda seemed to love it. I caught her glancing at me several times as her head bobbed on Jake's cock, and her eyes brimmed with lust.

She rode her mouth on him a while but didn't bring him to orgasm. When she came up panting, Jake reached for her shoulders to pull her up onto him. She went eagerly, taking his spit-wet cock in her hand and getting ready to lower herself onto it.

I jerked my meat harder as I watched Jake's rod disappear up into her cunt. She started riding him again, this time with her pussy. He caressed her tits as she moved up and down on him. He met her downward motions with opposing upward thrusts of his own.

They were erotic poetry in motion, and I was just a bystander. Excitement swam crazily in me as I pumped my shaft. With my free hand I fondled my balls, which added to my sexual delight.

It was like the thrill of a roller coaster—frightening and wonderful at the same time.

I watched Linda bounce on Jake's cock until suddenly she cried out again, her body shuddering as a climactic quake hit her. Afterward, she fell to one side.

Jake caught her and set her on her hands and knees. Then he moved in behind her, his slick cock bobbing eagerly. As he slotted into her from behind, I jacked my staff urgently. He was going to do her doggy-style, and I could only watch helplessly.

My brain and heart cried out with dark joy. I played with my cock and balls, staring intently with every muscle tensed.

Jake set right out pounding her. She was braced on her hands and knees. I could see ripples of impact travel through her beautiful body as he drove his cock into her again and again. She whipped her head from side to side, a look of mad ecstasy glazing her face.

He sped up even more, going wild. The fleshy smacks were loud, and another raw cry escaped from her throat. Jake was growling savagely, fucking her so fast he was nearly a blur.

I yowled as my spunk flew. At nearly the same instant, Jake shot off inside her and Linda came with a banshee-like wail. Incredible bliss ripped through me, and the room went hazy. When my vision cleared, the two people on the bed were both smiling at me.

–R.T., via email

A Cut Above the Rest

Steven was staging the vintage barber chairs in our shop window when I saw him stop and stare. "That guy in the office across the street keeps looking at us," he griped.

I joined Steven, looked across the walkway and said, "It's a travel agency. He must be bored to death. Most people book their own trips nowadays."

Suddenly horny, I looked at my husband standing there in the bright sunlight. I moved closer to him and ran my fingernail up the center of his T-shirt.

"Maybe we should give him something to actually look at," I said.

He raised an eyebrow with curiosity and said, "Do tell."

I moved another step closer, leaned in and kissed his full lips. His beard tickled my chin.

"I mean it's been a while since we fucked. Even longer since we put on a little show for a willing voyeur."

I heard his breath catch before I kissed him again.

His hands slid along my waist, squeezing and stroking.

Steven responded to my suggestion by sliding his hands under my black cotton dress. He tugged my tights down a bit and then my panties. I felt cool air on my bare skin.

"He's definitely watching now," Steven murmured. He brought his mouth to mine, then licked and nipped my lower lip.

I kissed him hard. I slid my tongue along his and pressed my mound against his crotch.

I felt the beginnings of his hard-on throbbing against me and purred with delight. I was glad I'd gotten this totally naughty idea.

I pulled back from him. I toed off my motorcycle boots and then pulled off my stockings and panties. Steven watched me the whole time with his swelling cock testing the zipper of his jeans. I traced the outline of his erection with my gaze.

I slid my feet back into my boots and said, "Sit in a chair."

He backed up two steps and dropped his ass into the nearest seat. I pushed my foot against its lower bar, pumping the chair up to the height I wanted.

I turned the chair slightly so the angle was good for viewing us. I glanced up at the window from beneath the curtain of my bangs.

"He's standing there," I said. "He's watching."

Excitement pooled in my pussy. I was drenched. I wanted Steven's cock inside me already, but there were things to do first.

I bent to expose my ass and took a wide stance, so my pussy would be visible to our audience. I popped the button on Steven's pants and tugged down his zipper.

"Hips up."

He obliged, and I pulled his jeans down so I could free his cock. He was commando under his denim, so his erection sprang up the moment I got his jeans low enough.

I hummed softly and blew on his shaft. He gasped and put his hand on top of my head, threading his fingers through my hair. But he didn't push; he simply rested it there.

I brought my mouth to his cock, licking the tip and tracing the head with my tongue. That simple action made him growl hungrily.

"The door's locked, right?"

"Yep. We're not open. No reason for it to be unlocked."

I lapped at him, and he snarled like an animal. He applied steady pressure to the top of my head, thrusting his hips up. His cock breached my lips. I parted them, opened my mouth and took him halfway.

"He is standing," Steven gasped.

"Let him watch," I said before resuming my blowjob.

Our store wasn't open, and his store wasn't busy. Both were on the desolate edge of a strip mall, so there was very little chance of foot traffic. And if it happened—it happened.

I slid my mouth down Steven's cock until my lips brushed his pubic hair. As I sucked him, I swayed from side to side, my ass moving slowly.

"He's practically licking the window," Steven said.

Then my man lost his manners, grabbed my head and thrust up into my wet, willing mouth. He grunted and held me there, using me the way he liked. The way I liked.

I hummed as I sucked him and continued to sway as if I were underwater.

My husband's urgency, the sounds

he made, the smell and taste of him, all served to make me wetter. I felt moisture gracing my pussy lips. Felt the quiver deep inside me where my own desire lived. I wanted to climb up on his lap and sink down on him, getting him deep inside my cunt where I needed him most.

But first, I grabbed his cock and stroked it. I lowered my mouth and sucked on his balls, licking them until he was gasping.

"Enough. I'm going to come," he said with a helpless laugh. He tugged my hair gently until I stood up. "By the way, lover, he's outside now. Standing just outside his window. Watching. Watching us."

I wanted to turn around but didn't. A shiver ran through me, and my nipples grew tight.

I lifted my dress even as I lowered the chair. Then I straddled his lap and let him pull my bodice down. Then my black bra. My tits popped free, nipples tight and dark. Steven leaned forward and sucked my nipple into his mouth, and the sensation shot straight to my cunt.

When he used his teeth—not too shyly—I gasped and my head fell back.

When I was fully on his lap and his cock was seated deep within me, Steven whispered, "He keeps rubbing his finger up and down his zipper. What do you want to bet he's going to cream his fucking pants before we're done?"

A moan slipped out of me, and Steven kissed it away.

He grabbed my ass and squeezed, spreading my cheeks. He moved me up and down on his hard-on. I was so wet, so slick, we were both drenched in moments. He moved to suck and bite my nipple. My pussy clenched with the sensation.

He bit the side of my breast hard enough to make me jump and followed that with an unexpected slap to my ass. It was so hard the cracking noise in our silent shop nearly hurt my ears.

I came in a rush, my body jittering on his lap. A cry ripped out of me, high and hearty. It was so loud I'm sure our watcher heard.

"Oh, that did him in," Steven whispered. "He's unzipped. His cock is free. His hand is working."

I groaned and kept bouncing up and down on his lap. The pleasure kept

asshole and I gasped.

Seconds later, his cock was pushing into me, sliding deep and filling me.

He kept his finger in my butt and moved it in and out in time with his cock. The feeling of fullness, of both holes being filled, made my head fuzzy and my knees weak.

"I can feel my finger against my cock through your skin," he said.

I groaned.

"His poor hand is a blur. He's jerking off so fast. So hard."

I risked another peek and shivered. I wondered if he'd hear me when I came. If he'd hear my husband. If we'd hear him.

Steven must have sensed my daydreaming. He got my attention with a sudden smack to my rump.

It echoed through the shop and so did my cries.

My pussy gripped him. My hips jerked forward, and I clenched my internal muscles tight around his driving cock.

Another smack, this one hard enough to make me grunt. Then another delivered to the opposite cheek. I was so close. So fucking close.

"I came, howling from the excitement, the pleasure—the filthiness of the moment."

He repeated the action with the other breast. It was so good. So hot. I writhed on his lap until he slipped his hand beneath my dress and pushed his fingers into me. I moved against those fingers, humping his hand. He pressed my clit with his thumb as he finger-fucked me.

I kissed him roughly. He used his free hand to grab my hair and yank it so my head snapped back slightly. He dragged his fingertips over my clitoris and bit the side of my neck.

"Climb on, baby. Get on my dick."

He didn't have to ask me twice. I hitched my dress up and held it high above my waist. With my ass pointed at our watcher, I positioned myself so Steven's cock kissed my drenched opening. Then I lowered myself, taking his dick inside me with maddening slowness.

Steven grabbed my hip with one hand and held me as I sank onto him.

unfurling like a ribbon deep inside me.

I finally settled, rocking side to side on his lap and kissing his lips.

"Get up. Let's finish the show for this guy."

I climbed off him and realized how slick and wet my upper thighs were.

Steven positioned me to the side, putting my hands on the arm of the chair. He made sure my dress was up and I was exposed.

I let my hair hang in my eyes and risked a peek.

The man across the way was jerking off. Furiously.

Seeing the stranger's need, his determination, set me off. Another slow moan slipped from me.

I pushed my ass back as my husband teased me, sliding his fingers into my cunt and withdrawing them slowly. He repeated the whole thing until I was panting.

Then he slid one wet finger into my

He pushed his finger deep in my ass and smacked me hard enough to bring tears to my eyes as his cock pistoned into me.

I came again, howling at the ceiling from the excitement, the pleasure—the filthiness of the moment.

Steven sighed, grabbed my hips and fucked me hard and fast. So hard I had to hold on to the arm of the chair.

"You're such a dirty girl," he said. And then he climaxed, growling like an animal as he went rigid against me.

When I glanced across the way at our audience, the guy was staring at his come-coated hand. Then he turned on his heels and disappeared.

"I bet that brightened his day," Steven said.

"Either way," I sighed. "It brightened mine."

–Name and address withheld

In the Wild

We were dating in college the first time Julie sent me a nude selfie. I liked her fine, but we were both seeing other people as well, not yet serious about relationships. I liked acting like a young stud on campus.

But it was a time of discovery. You don't just learn from classes in school, you learn about yourself as an adult, as a sexual being. In college you might find out you're really into threeways, or you like being tied up and spanked.

I didn't consider myself especially kinky. Vanilla sex with women was fine with me. But the day Julie sent me that candid photo of herself changed my life.

I was studying in my room when my phone buzzed with an incoming text. I took a look. And froze. There was Julie, somewhere outdoors with trees behind her. Her hiking shorts were down to her knees and she'd raked her sweatshirt up to her throat.

Her hairless pussy and lovely tits were exposed. The awkward angle had cut off most of her face, but I could see she was grinning wickedly.

Maybe it was because no one had ever "sexted" me before. Maybe it was the fact that Julie had done this outside, where anybody might have seen. Whatever the reason, I was instantly and ferociously turned on. She was so fucking sexy in that picture I couldn't stand it.

I flung off my clothes, dove into bed and started jerking off crazily. Every time I spewed, I would look at my phone again and get another raging hard-on.

After that I paid a lot more attention to Julie. I was glad I did. Not only had she done this wild, provocative thing just to please me, I found out what a fantastic person she was. Kind, intelligent, caring.

Shyly, I asked if she'd sent a photo like that to any of the other men she had been dating. She said no.

"It just felt right with you, Harris."

We started seeing each other exclusively. We fell in love, and a year after graduation we got married.

When Julie sent me that first photo, it had taken a lot of nerve. So she'd told me later on. She had known people who did stuff like that all the time, carelessly, like it didn't mean anything. But for Julie it was something dark and mysterious, naughty and wonderful. She had long fantasized about exposing herself outdoors.

Once, just before going off to college, she'd gone into the woods behind her home. She started to undress. She was determined to get naked and play with herself. Her body shivered with fear and desire.

But she couldn't do it. She was terrified of someone discovering her ... and yet that possibility was also so exciting! A stranger seeing her naked. Seeing her fingering herself right out in the open.

So, going into the forest near our college and taking that lewd selfie was a huge step for her. Sending it to me was the ultimate risk. No one had seen her in the woods, but she still showed herself to another person, deliberately.

Lucky for her I was so receptive. And lucky for me that she kept doing it over the ensuing months. I treasured every one of those images. After a time she grew bolder. The first time she stepped completely out of her clothes and aimed her phone's camera at herself, I just about lost my mind. She was so unbelievably hot, naked in a meadow, with all her gorgeous flesh exposed.

Does Julie continue to send me nude selfies, now that we've been married several years? Yes, indeed. Ours is a very happy marriage. But the voyeurism/exhibitionism aspect of our relationship has grown refined. We've perfected it.

We schedule our exhibitionistic episodes now. There's a lot of wild country around the town where we live—fields, trails, streams and trees. Julie prefers hiking to going to a gym. So she periodically goes off into the wild.

And because of camera phone technology, I can go with her. To watch what she does out there, on her own.

On a day when I had arranged to have the afternoon off, Julie took such a trek, leaving at noon and driving off to the

sprawling woods. I waited anxiously at my desk with my phone in hand.

She contacted me, sending me a live video feed. She was walking a trail, surrounded by trees. She was humming and swinging the phone around to show me the scenery and herself. She wore hiking shorts and a sweatshirt, just like in the first nude she ever sent me.

"Oh," she said, as if to herself, "it's so warm out here. I'm getting sweaty in these clothes. I wonder if there's someplace I can go swimming."

By prearrangement I didn't speak during these video streams. It was like I was spying on her. Already my cock was stirring.

She hummed some more, then stepped off the trail.

"Look," she said, still talking to herself, "there's a pond."

There was indeed a body of water, with a stream running into it at one end and out of it at the other, keeping it fresh. She swung the phone around. I watched the scenery on my own phone, which was propped up in its holder.

"I hope nobody's around. I didn't bring a swimsuit."

The little quiver of fear in her voice made my cock fully erect. I undid my pants and let my shaft spring free.

She set her phone in the crook of a tree, angling it to give me a good view of the edge of the pond and the water beyond. She took hold of the hem of her sweatshirt, then hesitated before saying, "I hope no one sees me getting naked."

I took my cock in hand and started slowly pumping. She really knew how to play her "little girl lost" part. Excitement tingled and trembled within me.

She peeled the sweatshirt up over her head. Then with a worried look around, she unsnapped her bra. She stood with her hands cupping her tits for a moment, still looking anxiously about.

When she finally dropped her hands and I beheld those beautiful breasts, it was almost like seeing them again for the first time.

She kicked off her hiking boots and undid her shorts, but didn't lower them.

"God, what if someone sees me? What if they're watching me right now?"

I felt the sense of vulnerability she was conveying and was further aroused by it. I understood the fear/excitement thing that turned her on so terribly. We shared everything, my wife and I.

She dropped her shorts, her suddenly bare ass to the camera. I moaned out loud at the scrumptious sight of that tight backside. Then like a water nymph she went scampering to the pond. With a splash, she was under.

I watched her swim back and forth, her body enticing and half-seen through the water. Now and then I looked away, following her gaze as she anxiously scanned the trees and edges of the pond for anyone intruding on the scene. It wasn't all playacting, of course. Someone really could happen upon her in her outdoor nudity.

After a time she emerged from the water. She climbed out, facing straight toward the phone's camera, her body dripping and her perfect shape on gorgeous display. She ran her hands through her wet hair, pushing out her glorious tits. The nipples were stiff and pink.

I jerked my cock harder. Fuck, she was hot! And she knew exactly what she was doing to me, posing for the video, turning this way and that, letting my eyes feast on her lush curves.

Her hands were cupping her tits again. Only this time her eyes fluttered, and her fingers started to squeeze rhythmically.

"Oh," I heard her murmur, "I shouldn't do this ... shouldn't." But she went right on feeling herself up, pinching her sensitive nips. Her head rocked back in pleasure.

It was plain she couldn't help herself. Her body was in a state of excitation, and she damn well had to do something about it, all alone out there in the wilderness.

One hand slipped slowly, sensually down her abdomen. It hesitated before crossing her belly. Then her fingertips were there at the upper part of her pussy slit.

"I mustn't! Someone might catch me," she told herself urgently. The expression on her lovely face said the consequences were too awful to contemplate.

Still, she couldn't stop herself. With a soft cry, she stroked her fingertips along her pussy lips. I saw her shiver all over, obviously relishing the sensation. But the flashes of apprehension she had portrayed were justified. At that moment she was more vulnerable than ever.

It was one thing to get caught naked. But to be caught masturbating? The potential for humiliation sent a sympathetic shudder through me.

Yet Julie's body had its own implacable needs. She sank two fingers into herself. I watched the digits disappear into her slick hole. Her other hand was busily going back and forth between her lush tits, tweaking her nipples like mad.

She'd planted her feet, her stance wide. She was really reaming herself. Her two fingers were gleaming with pussy juice. She was, of course, faced toward the tree where her phone was planted, giving me the best view possible.

I worked my cock faster. How lucky I was to be safe and secure in our home, while my wife went out on this crazy sexual adventure. But it was something that worked for us, these special treats we gave ourselves, supplementing our regular, active, happy sex life.

Suddenly Julie pivoted, giving me a profile view of her. She took her roving hand off her tits, inserted the middle finger into her mouth, then reached behind her. As I watched, spellbound, she smeared the spit-wet digit around her asshole, before plunging it inside herself.

She kept up that dual rhythm, fingering herself front and back. Now she would indeed make a hell of a sight for some random hiker wandering by. But I could see her excitement was real. She was building toward a wicked climax.

I was desperate to time this thing just right. I worked my straining cock. Before long, my balls were tightening and I was an eye blink from coming. Luckily, at that same moment Julie let out a cry that echoed across the pond, and my come went flying.

As I sat back limply, my wonderful wife hurriedly dressed and grabbed her phone. When she was on the trail again, she finally spoke directly to me.

"It's so good with you, babe. Even when you're not here."

I agreed.

–H.B., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters,* Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

Sloppy Seconds

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COMING IN SECOND page 106

Twice Around the Park

Jammed with hot, young men, the corporate gala was like a designer boutique to my wife, and she was taking her time, checking out the wares and deciding which guy she wanted to fuck.

I love Vivia with all my heart and soul, and our three years of marriage have been bliss for me. She's beautiful, smart and sensitive.

She's also a shameless cock slut, and our being married hasn't changed that one bit. I'm the only man in the world she can't live without—but she likes a lot of recreational dick, as well. I wouldn't have had it any other way—especially because of how that's paid off for me.

I have my own peculiar kink. I like fucking a woman right after another man has had her. I like that sweaty used feel of her body, the sight of her tousled hair and runny makeup. I want to smell another man's scent on my woman.

And I especially want to know that she's already pumped full of another man's load.

Why should something like that get me so aroused? I honestly have no idea. But you can't really explain sexual quirks. Some people get hopelessly turned on by leather, by feet, by ... well, just about anything under the sun.

Vivia looked stunning in her evening dress, with her hair lacquered into a lovely coiffure. The party was a yearly event my firm put on, bringing in company people from all the branches to compare notes and celebrate continuing corporate success. But for Vivia, it was like a smorgasbord of hot males.

I held back a little, mingling with other guests. But I noticed when my wife zeroed in on her prey. He was a good-looking type, and he visibly responded when Vivia approached and started talking to him. Her body language was

a study in sensuality. She touched his forearm and brushed his shoulder. I could see he was hooked by the hard-on beginning to tent his slacks.

By the time she was leaning in and whispering in his ear, the guy was hopelessly lost in her beauty. That was my cue to step in.

Vivia smiled and said, "Hank, meet my husband. Marc. This is Hank, who wants to have sex with me."

I reached out and shook his limp hand. He looked stunned. "There's a limo waiting for us," I told them.

Vivia led him by the arm, explaining as we exited that I would be watching while the two of them fucked. In a choked voice Hank agreed to the terms. No man turns Vivia down.

The three of us climbed into the back of the spacious limousine. Vivia said to the driver, "Circle the park, please." Then she raised the opaque divider between the front and back of the vehicle. We were isolated behind the car's tinted windows.

"Let's have some champagne," Vivia suggested, in full control of the situation. She poured us glasses from the limo's bar. Hank looked as nervous as hell. He kept shooting me apologetic looks. I smiled back reassuringly. He didn't know how much of a favor he would be doing for me that night.

They were on the backseat, and I occupied a facing spot. Vivia moved in close to Hank. She rubbed his chest through his shirt and planted a kiss on his earlobe. Desire and anxiety warred on his handsome features.

Before it could go further he burst out with, "I'm sorry. I can't do this! I can't have sex with another man's wife while he's, he's—here." He gestured at me, looking exasperated.

Calmly, I said, "Hank, I want you to fuck her, so I can fuck her afterward. It's the thing that turns me on most in the world. Like the old joke goes: Take my wife—please." I smiled.

He smiled back uncertainly. "You're a sloppy seconds guy?"

"I am."

With that, he seemed to get it. He turned to Vivia, and the two began kissing. It started a little tentatively on his part, but they were soon jamming their mouths together. Tongues tangled wildly as they made out in front of me.

Her hands were on Hank, and he groped her magnificent tits through her dress. She reached down to squeeze his crotch. My own cock was growing furiously hard.

They were undressing each other, pausing every few seconds to kiss and fondle one another. Their clothing was tossed to the floor piece by piece, and finally Hank was yanking off her panties, exposing Vivia's wet, ready pussy. She pulled off Hank's briefs, and his cock bounced into view.

I unfastened my slacks and drew out my hard shaft. Slowly I pumped my meat, watching them. The voyeurism was fun, but it was only a preliminary for me, the warmup for the main act.

"I saw Hank's body go taut, and knew he was shooting his load into my wife's pussy."

Hank fingered her pussy while she played with his balls. Then they shifted into a more serious position. Vivia turned and lay back on the long seat. Hank hunkered between her outspread thighs, lowering his mouth toward her waiting pussy.

She purred with pleasure as he licked her. His tongue went up and down her slit, then slipped inside. Judging by Vivia's reaction, he was giving her clit a thorough licking. Her hips started to buck, and she grabbed his hair and cried out sharply. Hank kept his mouth dutifully on her, slurping down her juice while she rode out her orgasm.

She returned the oral favor, sucking expertly on his cock. Then she had him sit up and lowered herself onto him reverse-cowgirl style. I continued to leisurely jerk my cock as she rode Hank's.

He was energetic and enthusiastic, and before long Vivia was in a sweat-shiny frenzy. Her hair had come out of its perfect updo, her mascara was smeared—and my excitement grew and grew.

They finished up doggy-style. Hank pounded her from behind, and Vivia wailed with climactic joy. I saw Hank's tight body go taut, and knew he was shooting his load into my wife's pussy.

Ahh, perfect.

As they decoupled, I finished undressing. Hank, looking dazed, traded places with me. By then, we'd probably already circled the park. But the corporate driver would just keep doing it until he heard otherwise.

I gazed at Vivia with naked adoration. Such a lovely creature, so physically flawless, so full of wild appetites. She lay sprawled on the seat, limp and disheveled. She smiled dreamily at me. She knew how much this kind of sex meant to me.

I lay down with her and took her into my arms. I felt the lovely clamminess of her skin. I smelled Hank's scent on her. I smelled Hank's come.

I kissed her mouth, and her lips felt swollen. Her tongue met mine, and I swear I could taste the faint tang of Hank's dick from when she'd gone down on him. The flavor only aroused me further. I pressed my hard cock against her soft thigh.

Hank had kissed her mouth. He'd handled her tits. I fancied I could still feel his body heat on her. I caressed the globes of her breasts and tugged at her stiff nipples.

I kissed her throat, and then I moved further down, pausing to suck those sweet swollen nips. She pushed her tit hard against my mouth, mewling with pleasure. Even though she'd just been thoroughly fucked, a new wave of excitement rose in her.

I ran my tongue down her belly, and she spread her legs languidly. As I moved into final position to lick her pussy, I heard Hank gasp.

SLOPPY SECONDS

Glancing sidelong, I saw him sitting and staring. His momentarily limp cock was rising again to stiffness. He probably couldn't believe what I was about to do.

But I did it. I put my tongue into my wife's pussy—a pussy overflowing with another man's jizz. This wasn't some gay thrill for me. Hell, if I wanted to blow guys and drink their load, I'd damn well do it.

For me, though, this was just enjoying another pleasure of my peculiar kink. If I was into sloppy seconds—and I am—I would commit totally to it—and I do. A man had ravished my wife. She was still marked by that encounter. Eating the come out of her pussy was my intimate statement of who I was as a sexual being.

As a bonus it turned Vivia on to no end. She writhed on the leather seat, squealing with mounting pleasure. I even spared Hank another glance. Rapt, he watched us, pumping his cock helplessly.

I delved deep into her spunk-slick snatch. The salty taste rang on my tongue, and I swallowed the goo. Vivia jammed herself hard against my face, and I homed in on her swollen clit. Hank's tongue had been there. Hank's cock had been there. Now Vivia was riding my mouth to a fresh, intense orgasm.

Her fingers wound into my hair. She humped my face as my tongue continued to move busily. When her juices flowed, I swallowed them.

I came up panting, chin sticky, with a string of come dribbling from the corner of my mouth. Vivia, with rapture shining in her eyes, scooped it up with her finger and fed it to me. Hank moaned audibly at the sight. Maybe he was finding out things about himself that he hadn't known before.

But my attention was on Vivia. She remained lying back, lifting her knees toward her shoulders. I moved into place. My cock was achingly hard and leaking pre-come. My whole being was engaged, every cell in me ignited in pleasure.

I set my cockhead to the brim of her drenched pussy. I paused there a moment, teasing her, teasing myself. But soon I couldn't hold back. I thrust hard into her. She rocked back into the deep leather cushions as ecstasy spread over her gorgeous face.

I began stroking into her. Recently fucked or not, her pussy gripped me nicely. I felt the extra slickness of it, as well as the residue of Hank's cream. Balls-deep, I relished the sensation. It was naughty and exciting and inexplicably wonderful.

Without Vivia, I knew I wouldn't have regular access to this sort of fun. We fit so well together. She needed multiple lovers. I needed to be second in line. The arrangement was perfect.

I thrust harder into her, and her tits bounced. Her smeared mouth opened on a lingering cry. I plowed her, jamming into her deep and sinking to her core. I wanted to join completely with this woman who was my wife.

My runaway excitement took over. I pounded her furiously, moving in a sexual blur. Her cry became a peal of climactic joy, and I was right there with her. Suddenly, my balls clenched and started unloading, and I jetted my come into her. The pleasure was unbelievable.

Finally, we slowed and stopped. Vivia looked up into my eyes with boundless love, then we gently kissed.

When we looked at Hank, we saw he'd shot a fresh load onto his chest and stomach. We both smiled.

–M.D., San Francisco, Calif.

Coming in Second

Gazing at her phone, my wife exclaimed, "Holy fuck." It took a lot to make Jeanette swear. She looked across our living room at me before announcing: "Marco's in town."

She went on to prod me further about the name, since I was probably just staring back blankly at her. But I knew exactly who she meant. I was just in shock.

Marco had gone to college with us. He and I had dormed together. He had dated Jeanette before she and I got together and eventually married.

Actually, saying Marco dated Jeanette was probably overstating it. They'd fucked a few times. But it was one time in particular that was seared permanently into my brain. It was one of the most exciting memories I had.

There'd been a party, but I'd left early and gone back to the dorm. Marco, for want of anywhere else to take Jeanette, also came to our dorm. I woke up almost immediately, though they didn't turn on the lights and were trying to keep relatively quiet.

But it was obvious they were going to fuck. In the dimness I saw them undress and get on Marco's bed. I already had a wicked crush on Jeanette, and it only intensified seeing her like this. She looked so beautiful naked.

They lay there kissing and groping. He licked her pussy, and she went down on his cock for a few minutes. I watched surreptitiously from under my covers. I had a raging boner, which I was slowly pumping.

It was weird. I didn't feel jealous, even though I really wanted Jeanette for myself. When Marco put his cock into her and started stroking, it sent

me into a state of excitement I'd never experienced before. It was almost an out-of-body thing, except that my body was tingling and shivering with pleasure.

They fucked as quietly as two people could. I wanted to time my masturbatory climax with their orgasms. But I was afraid to move too much under the covers and as a result didn't shoot.

When he'd finished, Marco climbed off Jeanette and kissed her before falling asleep. I continued to watch them, still stunned.

After five minutes, I heard a whisper: "Hey, Bob. You awake?"

I froze, feeling like a voyeur who'd been caught. There was a soft rustle of sheets, and suddenly, impossibly, Jeanette had crossed the little dorm room and was climbing into bed with me.

"You want to do it with me?" she asked.

I could have wept with joy. We kissed and caressed, and it was everything I'd dreamed it would be with her. But there was an extra element to it, something unexpectedly arousing. Perhaps the smell was simply lingering in the room, but I thought I could detect Marco's cologne on her. And when my hard cock entered her, I was definitely aware that Marco had already come inside her.

For some reason, it totally turned me on. I liked sloppy seconds. Really liked it.

"We should have dinner with him," my wife suggested, bringing me back to the present. She was already texting Marco back. He was apparently in the city overnight on business.

It had been so hot, years ago, watching Marco fuck Jeanette, then my getting a go at her spent, sweaty body. My wife and I had never done anything like it since, but I'd replayed that memory a thousand times.

That evening we met up with Marco at a nice restaurant. He looked great and was plainly delighted to see us. When he hugged Jeanette and gave her a kiss on the cheek, a dormant thrill twanged all through my being.

We sat and ate a lavish meal, got caught up on our lives and began to reminisce about our college days. Then Marco said, "Hey, do you two remember that night in the dorm? When you and I, y'know"—he smiled at Jeanette—"and then the two of you did it."

A shock went through me, and Jeanette's jaw dropped.

"I thought you were asleep," she sputtered.

Marco grinned and confessed: "Nope. Awake and watching you two. Man, that was hot."

Not wanting the night to end, we invited Marco back to our place for drinks. I was still stunned by what he'd said. As we sat in our living room with glasses of wine, he admitted, "I think about that night. A lot."

Jeanette blurted out, "I do, too! And now, knowing you were watching me and Bob ... that's so hot."

There was a beautiful raw excitement on my wife's face. I'd had no idea she cherished that memory as much as me.

I set down my wine and stood up as I said, "We should do it again. Right now. Marco, you do Jeanette while I watch. Then I'll get seconds, and you can watch."

It was all on the line, and I felt like I was baring my soul. Panic fluttered in me. What if Jeanette freaked out? What if Marco just gave me a disgusted look?

But they were both grinning at me, their faces radiant with desire.

We walked back to the bedroom. It was larger than our old tiny dorm, but the scenario was easy enough to recreate. I put a chair ten paces from the bed, stripped naked and sat in it. Then I gestured Jeanette and Marco toward the big bed.

There was a final instant of hesitation, like they couldn't quite believe this. Then lust overwhelmed them, and they hurriedly stripped off their clothes. I watched them move onto the bed as my hardening cock crept up my bare thigh.

They lay down together and started kissing. It was a sensual sight. Their tongues wrestled, and their hands began to move. Marco's cock was fully hard, and Jeanette's nipples were stiff with excitement.

They didn't look at me, which I really liked. It helped sustain the illusion I was once again watching them clandestinely. Only this time I was free to stroke my cock, which I did. I gripped my erect shaft and slowly pumped, causing pleasure to dance through me.

The two grappled earnestly now, their movements becoming more urgent. They rolled back and forth across the broad mattress, kissing deeply. Marco squeezed her lush tits, and Jeanette groped his muscular ass.

There was a nice rhythm between the two, like they'd fallen back into old habits. Again, I felt no jealousy, just sweet delight.

Marco nibbled on her hard nips, then kissed his way lower. My wife spread her legs, and soon Marco's face was hovering over her glistening pussy. He proceeded to lick her, up and down, finally parting her lips and delving deep inside. Her hips rocked, and she moaned. He kept it up until Jeanette seized a handful of his hair. She humped his mouth hard and cried out with orgasmic zeal.

She then sucked on his cock for a good ten minutes. I watched her tongue swirl on his knob. She deep-throated him, and he groaned with pleasure. They still didn't look my way. In my chair, the same distance away as had separated our dorm beds, I continued to jerk my meat.

When Marco got on top of Jeanette and jammed his cock into her pussy, I felt wicked joy rise within me. Fuck her, I thought. Fuck her hard!

He did just that. It was amazing to watch them undulate together, bodies in sexual motion. Jeanette's fingers dug

"I tasted the sting of Marco's load, mixed with the familiar flavor of my wife."

↘ SLOPPY SECONDS

into his shoulders. She lifted her ass off the bed, meeting his hard downward thrusts. He was really pounding her, and the fleshy smacks of their coupling filled the room.

It went on and on as sweat began to shine on both of them. Marco showed remarkable control, his gleaming cock plunging into her repeatedly. She writhed through one orgasm, then built toward another. He hammered on until at last he let out a cry. Jeanette matched his with one of her own, and they locked like that for a moment, before they both collapsed.

As Marco rolled off her panting body, I stood up and started for the bed. He made to get up and go to the chair, but I said, "Just lay there and watch." He grinned, scooting over to give us room.

I looked down at my wife, who was smiling dreamily. Her hair was a wreck, and she was glistening with sex sweat. This time, I could definitely smell Marco's cologne faintly on her.

These were the sloppy seconds I'd dreamed of. But I wanted them to be the sloppiest. I was totally turned on, so I was going all the way this time.

Instead of lying down next to her to kiss her, I lay down right between her legs. My shoulders pushed apart her slick thighs, and I lowered my mouth to her pussy. The pussy that Marco had just shot his load into.

Jamming my tongue into her I tasted the immediate sting of Marco's load, mixed with the familiar flavor of my wife's juices. Jeanette gasped and a few feet away Marco whispered, "Fuck."

I dove in fearlessly to lick Marco's semen out of my wife's recently used pussy, and Jeanette squirmed with pleasure. It wasn't just the nimbleness of my tongue. She, too, was turned on by the whole sloppy second-ness of this act. We weren't alone. I was aware of Marco starting to play with himself.

I lapped up and swallowed as much of Marco's come as I could. Jeanette let out a helpless, ragged squeal as she grabbed my hair and climaxed, humping my mouth. I lifted my head, face sticky with pussy juice and Marco's goo.

Jeanette looked delirious but very happy. I moved up, eager to put my cock into my wife while our old college friend watched and jerked off. Everything was happening, and it was all glorious.

I thought of the rest of Marco's load in her as I worked my cock in. Strange pleasure coursed through me, and these two lovely people were there to share in the joy.

I fucked Jeanette. I fucked her hard. I plunged my cock deep into her come-slick pussy, knowing I was coming in second that night, and I was more than happy finishing in that position.

When I spewed my spunk into her, Jeanette writhed with pleasure. Lying beside us, watching, Marco jerked out a load. Afterward, we lay there, spent and sated, having gloriously brought the never-forgotten past back to life.

–B.U., via email

Have you ever enjoyed the squishy thrill of coming in second? Or third? Or…? Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department SLS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

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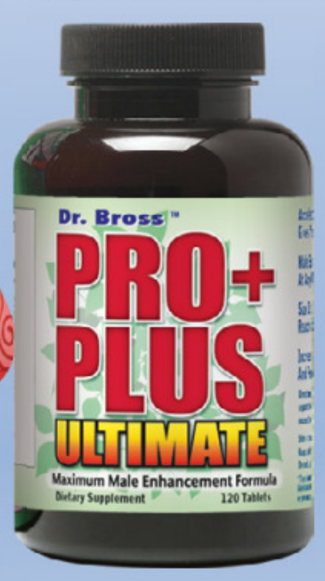

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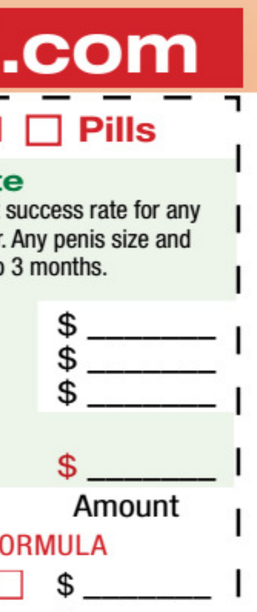

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PENTHOUSE® VARIATIONS

Planting His Seed

Bill, my husband, has always liked to watch me have sex with other people. Sometimes they're women, but more often than not, he'll scout a young man that he really wants to see in bed with me. This way, we both get everything we want. I have my wonderful, doting husband. He has a hot, young wife on his arm. And we both get to enjoy my predilection for promiscuity.

Sometimes I'll pick a partner on my own, but other times we go on the prowl together. Either way, we both have a lot of fun.

Recently, Bill caught me making eyes at our gardener, Jeff. A knowing smile lifted the corners of his lips.

"I used to be able to lift a bag of soil like that," he said with a laugh. "But those days you were still in grade school," he added with a wink.

Suddenly, Jeff's services increased tenfold in our home. Hardly a day went by that I didn't run into him. Hanging out by the pool? Jeff happened to be planting petunias on the deck. Going to the master bath for a soak? Jeff was tending to the succulents on the adjacent balcony.

It was obvious Bill was throwing us together as much as possible, so I took my husband's lead and propositioned the sexy landscaper.

Of course, Jeff and I wouldn't be alone during our dalliances. Bill never joined in during any of my amorous activities with others, but he always enjoyed a front-row seat. In fact, the first afternoon Jeff and I hooked up, Bill sat in the corner, slowly dragging on his cigar, while intermittently offering my young lover pointers on how to please me.

Soon, my supervised fuckfests with Jeff became a regular thing. Poolside was easily my favorite place to have sex with him. Bill had hired a team to construct an incredible cabana overlooking the pool. It was essentially a king-size canopied bed that was shaded from the summer sun.

One afternoon, Jeff surprised us mid-dip. He wasn't supposed to be working, but he came by to see if we were interested in playing—and we were.

While Bill lay floating on a raft, Jeff

carried me over to the cabana. He placed me on the mattress, making certain I was in full view of my husband. Then he opened my legs wide, so wide that my tiny bikini bottom couldn't contain my pussy lips.

Jeff crawled between my legs and licked along one side of the suit's skimpy crotch before turning his attention to the other. Once he got me good and wet, he pursed his lips and blew over my sex, cooling the sensitive flesh.

Goosebumps spread across my thighs, which had already started to tremble. It didn't matter that Jeff focused solely on my sex—every bit of my body remained on high alert.

"Grab one of those pillows and prop my lady up, Jeff," Bill called out from across the pool. "I want to see my wife's face when your lips close over her clit."

Without missing a beat, Jeff grabbed several throw pillows and positioned them behind my back, then he went right back downtown.

Instead of removing my bikini bottom, Jeff chose to suckle my sex through the fabric. The thin piece of spandex dulled the sensation, but only for a moment. That's because his relentless tongue-lashing got the material so wet it became plastered to my pussy. Now, instead of it softening the impact of Jeff's tongue, it intensified my reactions. Even the texture of the fabric added to my pleasure. It stimulated my sex in new and exciting ways, eliciting feelings I'd never experienced from mere skin-to-skin contact.

Soon my breasts began to buzz from a need to be touched. My hands drifted along my torso and up to my chest, swooping up to cup my heaving globes. It wasn't a conscious action, so much as a natural reflex to tend to a need I couldn't ignore.

I absentmindedly fiddled with my bathing suit top, working my fingers underneath it to gain access to my nipples, and I heard Bill clear his throat.

"My wife obviously wants you to touch her breasts, Jeff. What are you going to do about it?"

Within seconds, Jeff's fingers tangled with my own. Being a tall guy certainly had its advantages. Jeff's long arms allowed him to fondle my breasts without having to move his mouth away from my slit.

I reached around the back of my neck and tugged at the strings securing my bikini top. After both bows came undone, I gripped the tiny garment and tossed it blindly into the pool.

Bill's long whistle broke the silence.

My eyes fluttered open in time to see Bill peel my bikini top off of his face and place it on the raft beside him.

"I know you weren't aiming for me darling, but I appreciate you bringing me into the fold."

Then he said to my partner, "Nothing to stop you now. Make sure my wife's nipples get plenty of attention. You know what my baby likes."

"Sometimes I'll pick a partner on my own, but other times we go on the prowl together."

Always quick to follow an order from Bill, Jeff traded gentle strokes of his fingers for quick, firm tweaks. Every pinch made my nipples grow longer and harder. Normally a bright, bubble gum pink, my nubs had darkened to a deep, rosy red.

Knowing Bill enjoyed hearing how my partner's actions affected me, I didn't bother to bite back the groan that rumbled in the back of my throat.

"That's what I want to hear," my husband said approvingly.

Good thing Jeff can play my body like a fiddle. He knew exactly what to do to keep those moans coming.

Our gardener left one callused hand massaging my breast while he skimmed the other down my side and over my hip, pausing just long enough to unravel the side bow that secured my bikini bottom. His work-worn skin tickled my delicate flesh as he brushed the fabric to the side to fully expose me.

My breath caught in my chest when Jeff circled the tips of two fingers around the entrance to my pussy. I was so fucking ready to feel him inside me—even if it was just his fingers to start.

"Is she wet?" Bill asked.

"Oh God, yes," Jeff replied before lowering his mouth to my split.

Of course, Bill just had to know more and requested, "Tell me what she tastes like."

Jeff lifted his head, locked eyes with me and said, "Tangy and sweet. Just like a warm, ripe plum."

"Well then, by all means, eat up, man!"

Before Jeff ducked back between my thighs, he jammed a couple of fingers into my pussy, hooking them upward and applying extra pressure to the oh-so-sensitive bundle of nerves tucked inside. A sly grin tugged at the corner of his lips. He knew exactly what buttons to push to send me shooting over the moon.

Then Jeff sucked my clit between his lips again, and I absolutely lost my mind. My hips thrust upward, lifting my ass off of the bed and pushing my pussy against his face.

Jeff has this magical way of rubbing his lips together while my clit is nestled between them. Soft and thick, his lips massage the bud, gently building me up to a powerful release. This time, though, Jeff added a bit of a twist to his tried-and-true routine. His tongue flicked at my clit, tapping out a steady rhythm while his lips continued to caress it.

That move earned him one long, loud, earth-shattering scream. If our staff inside the house hadn't been aware that Jeff and I were having sex outside, that was no longer the case.

And Jeff still wasn't done. While I was busy falling to pieces, he slipped two more fingers into my pussy, filling me to the max.

My own fingers flexed and stretched, twisting the linen sheets beneath me. It was impossible to stay still and absorb all the sensations that wracked my body.

Desperate to regain control, I directed all of my over-sexed energy to meet Jeff's fingers thrust for thrust. I bent my knees and planted my feet flat, arranging my body so I could rock my hips hard and fast.

Tension built between my legs and started to spread to the rest of my body. Another scream was formulating, lingering at the back of my throat. It was so close, threatening to fall from my lips at any moment and then–

Aaaah!

My limbs turned from stone to mush in seconds. The only part of my body that remained tight was my pussy. Its clenching walls spasmed around Jeff's fingers as he eased himself out of me.

But better things were on the horizon. Jeff unfastened his pants and directed his rock-solid cock into my slit. He dove inside me while my pussy was still twitching, picking up right where he left off.

As good as four fingers had felt in my pussy, a hard cock felt even better. Its thick, flared head rubbed against all of my most sensitive bits, allowing me to ride the wave from my first orgasm right along to my second.

"That's right, Jeff, you rail my wife good."

Hearing Bill's voice had a sort of Pavlovian effect on my pussy. The sound of his approval made my sex positively drip. All of that extra juice made it even easier for Jeff to drive into me at a breakneck speed–just the way I like it.

Suddenly, there was that beautiful tension again. This time it coiled up in my belly, slowly growing tighter until my legs shook from the force of it.

That's when Jeff snuck a hand between us and pressed his thumb to my clit, taking me over the edge.

My pussy gripped Jeff's cock, caressing his steely shaft while he rode me to a release of his own. I knew Jeff had neared his peak when his lightning-quick movements became hard, staccato pulses. Moments later, he shot his load into me.

After the last of his come jetted into my channel, Jeff pulled out and rolled off to the side. Hot semen dripped from my slit onto the bedding below, leaving a lovely bit of evidence for Bill to admire later.

–C.L., Los Angeles, Calif.

Roommate Reunion

“Megan licked my wife’s clit and held Ashley’s pussy lips open, so I could fuck her.”

My wife and I met when I was 27 and she was 39. We married three years later. I gotta say, it’s amazing how some people are totally fine with an older man marrying a younger woman, but not the other way around. Some people used to mock us, but we’ve been madly in love since day one.

I first encountered my wife-to-be on a blind date. Despite the difference in our ages, we hit it off immediately. We connect on many different levels, but my Ashley is the most beautiful—and the most sexually adventurous—woman I have ever met.

When we’re together there’s no fantasy we shy away from discussing or exploring if there’s mutual interest. We kind of geek out about sex. My previous girlfriends were really reluctant to open up. The advantage of being with a more mature woman is that she usually knows exactly what she wants—and she’ll tell you in thrilling detail!

Ashley is openly bisexual. In fact, she dated women before we got together. And sometimes she’ll reminisce with me about her hot girl-on-girl encounters from back in the day. It doesn’t threaten me in the least. I’m happy about my wife’s past pleasures, and I’m happy she also reveals her fantasies to me.

It’s a rush knowing that men and women alike have found her as stunning as I do. Ashley has flawless olive-toned skin, green eyes and long dark hair that stops just below her natural C-cups.

One night we were at a bar, and after I got up and went to the men’s room, someone sent Ashley a drink. That someone turned out to be a cute 20-something coed. Ashley thanked her for the cocktail and let her down gently—and then she and I had a good laugh about it on the way home.

“You know, if young hotties still want you that’s really something.”

“She’d probably had a few too many.”

“She looked stone-cold sober to me. You’re just that sexy.”

Ashley laughed and said, “Whatever, that made my night.”

“Trust me, mine, too!”

We both laughed about it a lot, but once we got home and were curled up in bed, Ashley got unusually quiet.

“Is something on your mind?” I asked. There clearly was. I could tell.

Ashley replied, “Do you remember the story I told you about my old roommate in California–Megan?”

“Oh, yeah,” I said, pulling her closer. “Although, honey, you’ve told me stories–plural. You two sure had some hot times together.”

“We did.” Ashley nuzzled my neck. “Would it weird you out if I told you I keep thinking about her? But not like I want to run off with her.”

“You mean you’re having orgasm flashbacks?”

Ashley nodded, but then sounded worried as she said, “Please don’t think I’m not happy with our sex life, Eric, because I am. Trust me, I don’t want to see other men.”

“Hey–hey, relax honey. It’s OK.” I kissed her forehead. “I don’t have a problem at all. If you’re saying you want to re-live something that was pleasurable.” I shrugged. “That seems like a pretty normal, natural desire.”’

“You could be there if I do it.” Ashley paused. “Would you want to play with me and another woman?”

This is probably the question every red-blooded man most wishes he were asked by his wife. I cleared my throat. “Are you saying you want to do that?”

Ashley replied enthusiastically, “Yeah, right time, right place, right guest star. I think it could be hot.”

“I like that idea.”

We kissed, and Ashley climbed on top of me as she said, “I have another question.”

“Shoot.”

“Would you be open to Megan if she’s interested and available? She’s probably going to be at the wedding we’re going to in Michigan.”

“I think I would very much like to see your reunion.”

Ashley lifted off her tank top and said, “Good, because I’m so horny just thinking about it.”

We made love that night. Then the next day I came home from work to find my wife in the middle of a giddy phone call with her old friend. While I looked on and nodded in encouragement, Ashley made arrangements for us to meet up with her former flame.

I had already been excited by the prospect of heading out of town for a long weekend up north with lots of good food. But now with a potential threesome on the horizon featuring two smoking hot older women, I was buzzing with excitement.

Like my wife, Megan’s a total knockout. She’s a tall, gorgeous blonde with endless legs. We met up at the wedding reception, and as the girls hugged and gushed about how wonderful it was to see each other again, I recalled Ashley’s stories about their sensuous lesbian trysts and felt an undeniable rush of arousal.

“Hey, Eric.” My wife poked me. “Are you still here with us?”

“I’m sorry,” I said, chuckling a bit. “I must’ve spaced out.” I shook Megan’s hand and said, “I’ve heard good things about you.”

“Is that so?” she replied teasingly.

Before I spoke again, she draped her arms over our shoulders and pulled us close to whisper, “What do you say we skip out of here in about an hour?”

Ha! A lady after my own impatient heart! I nodded eagerly and looked at my smirking wife.

“Perfect. Join us at our hotel?” Ashley proposed, opening her purse and handing Megan a spare key card.

“I can’t wait,” she replied with a wink. “I better go say hi to the bride now.”

Ashley laughed and said, “We’ll see you soon.”

No hour of my life had ever dragged on so long, but somehow I made it through the pleasantries and mingled without an obvious erection. But I drove back to our hotel so fast I could have gotten a speeding ticket! However, I wasn’t alone in my urgency. Megan was already waiting for us on the bed, wearing only her lingerie.

“Just like old times,” Ashley purred.

Megan reached out and pulled my wife on top of her, and they started kissing. It was all I could do to put the “do not disturb” sign on the doorknob and turn the lock.

“I can’t believe it’s been so long since we did this,” Ashley said as she kissed her way down Megan’s neck. My wife unsnapped her friend’s bra, releasing Megan’s milky tits. My dick got as hard as a steel bar as I watched my wife tease and suck Megan’s nipples.

I kicked off my shoes, but hung back a bit. As much as I couldn’t wait to jump in, seeing this side of my wife come out before my eyes was unbelievably hot.

But Megan suddenly turned the tables and got on top of Ashley, saying, “My turn.”

She glanced back at me and grinned wickedly. “I’m going to eat your wife. Come closer and watch.”

That was the invitation I’d been waiting for!

“Go on,” I said. “I want to see you make my girl come.”

Megan grinned at Ashley and said, “You picked a good one.”

I sat at the foot of the bed and watched Megan help Ashley wiggle out of her cocktail dress, bra and panties. Then my wife and Megan were nude—save for their thigh-high stockings—and their silky smooth legs entwined as they embraced.

Megan slid down my wife’s body and settled between her thighs to suck on her clit and finger her. She knew exactly how to satisfy Ashley, who looked perfectly pleased with the attention.

My wife is pretty orgasmic, but with Megan her normally intense arousal seemed to soar even higher. She was a raw, shaking mess only a few moments in, and Megan made her come at least twice during 15 minutes of pussy-eating.

I was past the point of caring about my dick. My desire had transmuted into Ashley’s as I played the spectator.

“Why don’t you please each other now?” I suggested.

My wife answered, “Don’t worry, we’ll get to that. But we don’t want you to feel left out.”

“That’s right,” Megan said. “Join us.”

I stripped down and did just that. My wife climbed on top of Megan in a 69. From below, Megan licked my wife’s clit and held Ashley’s pussy lips open wide, so I could easily fuck her.

Ashley’s sweet moans were buried in Megan’s pussy as the two of us tongued and drilled my wife without mercy until she came again.

Afterward, with my wife’s permission, Megan licked all of Ashley’s pussy juices off my dick—and then I took her from behind while she resumed eating Ashley.

I was their private stud, and having two women sharing my dick was the ultimate rush. They knew just how to satisfy one another and took extra pleasure from me, which was nothing short of thrilling.

I finally got some release when they rewarded my efforts with a dual blowjob. The two took turns sucking, stroking and playing with my shaft and balls until I finally blew my load on both of their faces. Then they made me even crazier by kissing and sharing my load in the afterglow.

Megan spent the night with us, but then left early the following morning to catch her plane back to New York, so unfortunately there was no time for another round. However, she and her very open-minded husband are visiting Ashley and I soon, and hopefully I’ll have another hot encounter to share.

–E.T., via email

Captive Audience

Lydia's impromptu infidelity leads to a thrilling discovery—her horrified husband loves to watch her cheat!

By Lydia Hoffman

Drifting out of a sex-stupor sleep, I saw a naked man circling the bed. Slowly, my mind put things together. I'd gone back to my client's place with him, and we had screwed like crazy. Then I had fallen into a postcoital snooze. It was the first time I'd ever cheated on Joshua, my husband.

Through half-lidded eyes, I saw the nude figure of my partner in infidelity. I hadn't planned on going to bed with him, but when he'd gotten flirty after our meeting, I found myself calling him on it. Was he serious about wanting to fuck me, or just joking around?

He was serious.

Damn, it had been good. He was young and wiry, and had fucked me in a way that reminded me of how sex used to be between me and my husband: energetic, adventurous and hot.

But now I was a cheater. I would have to deal with that—in my head and my heart. I still very much loved Joshua, but we'd been in a slow patch for a long time. Just not clicking sexually. It was like some unknown element was missing. I didn't even know where it had gone wrong over our five-year marriage.

Before long, I realized what my new lover was doing. He had a digital camera and was photographing me as I lay naked on his bed.

I sat bolt upright, outraged.

"What the hell're you doing?"

He gave me a boyish grin. His cock was half-hard. "Don't worry. It's your camera, not mine. You left it on the bedside table. I thought you might like some mementos." His bed was surrounded by mirror-backed partitions, so he'd been capturing himself in the pictures, too.

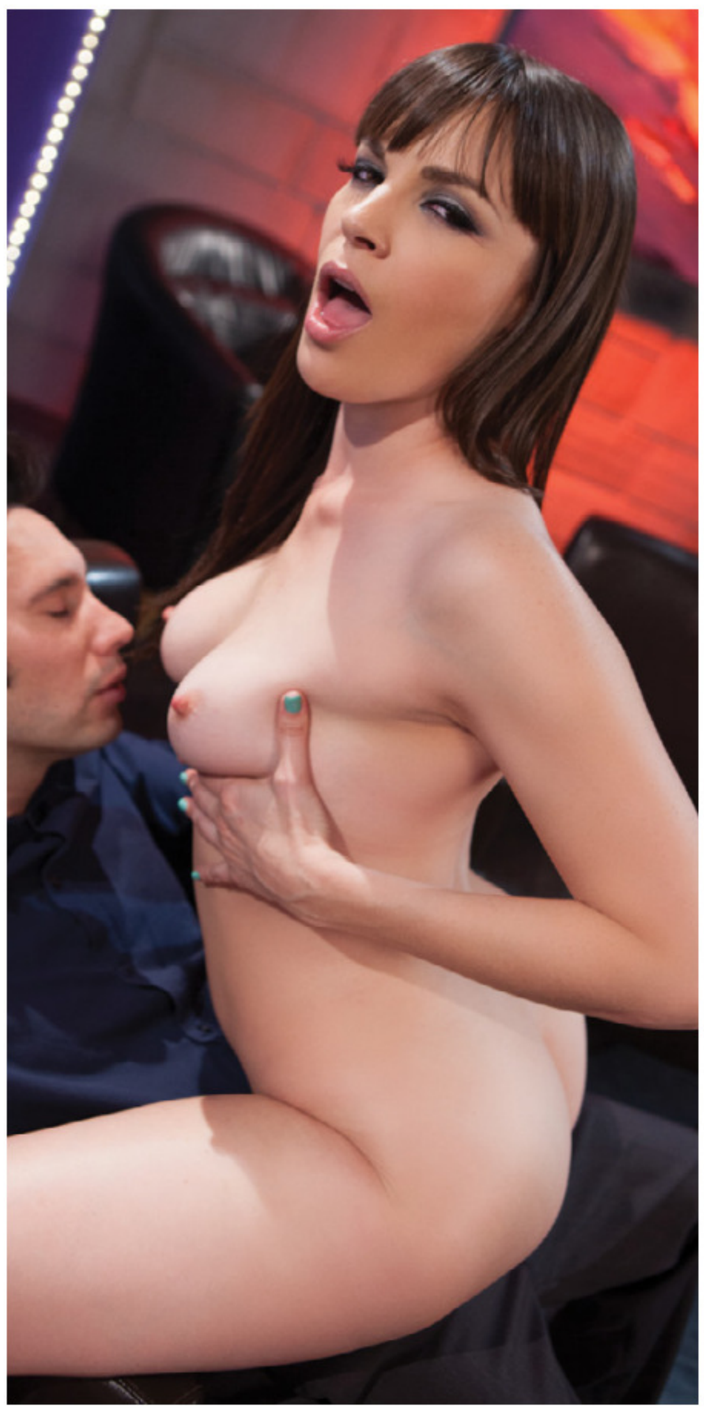
It took an extra second for the full horror of the situation to hit me.

"No!" I cried, leaping off the bed to grab the little camera out of his hand. I tried to drag a sheet over myself at the same time. But it was too late.

Joshua was an architect, and I carried the camera around to shoot any interesting structures I saw. The images were automatically uploaded to a cloud drive, and an alert went out to Joshua. He always checked the photos immediately. He said I had a good eye.

I shook with anxiety and anger, even though this guy couldn't have had any idea what he'd just done. Christ, I couldn't even remember his name!

I flipped through the pictures he had taken: me lying sprawled and naked, him in the mirrors—also naked. The images told an unmistakable story.



"Hey," my nude partner-in-crime said, chuckling. "It was just a joke."

And the joke was on me.

I got out of there fast and raced home. Joshua was working from home that day. Maybe he was napping. Maybe I could delete the pictures.

But of course the world doesn't work that way. I had—literally—fucked up, and now I was going to have to pay. I had no idea how Joshua was going to react to this.

I walked into our sprawling loft apartment. There was my husband, sitting at his desk at the far end, staring at his computer screen.

Dread closed over me during the long walk down there. I might have ended my marriage, I realized. And for what? A fling with a cute guy. Real smart of me.

And yet some part of me felt justified. I'd tried to keep the sex lively between Joshua and me. I had been open and communicative, but he'd seemed unwilling to even talk honestly about what was missing between us.

I was close enough to see his face was twisted in anguish. He looked up from the computer screen. He had one hand under the desk, and I saw his shoulder moving rhythmically.

"You fucked him!" he cried out hoarsely, and my uneasiness increased.

His eyes were bulging, his handsome features contorted. Already the images were probably seared into his brain. Things were never going to be the same between us, I thought with a fatal finality.

"You fucked him, Lydia," he repeated. "He put his cock into you. Was it big? He's only halfway hard in these pictures."

I blinked. There was something strange going on. Joshua's tone wasn't hysterical or even really accusatory. His voice sounded raw, and it shook a little from ... excitement?

"Did you suck him?" he asked. "Did you take his cock in your mouth? What did he taste like? If I kissed you right now, would I taste him, too?"

The questions were urgent and fast, but they weren't quite what a typical wounded husband would be asking after he'd just found out about his wife's disloyalty. Yet Joshua still wore a betrayed expression.

His right shoulder continued to move. I took another step forward, and my mind finally cleared enough to take in the whole scene. Joshua's pants were around his ankles, and he was jerking his very hard cock. I gasped and continued all the way around the desk. My naked pictures were there on the screen, all right.

My husband was beating off to the inadvertent photo essay documenting my afternoon of faithless sex play. My brain struggled to absorb it all.

"Did he lick your pussy?" Joshua wanted to know. Pre-come oozed from his cockhead as he pulled his veiny meat. "Did you come on his face? Did you hump his mouth hard? Did you?"

It was like being hit by a lightning bolt. I hadn't destroyed my marriage. Maybe, by some twisted route, I had resurrected it. I could see what was going on. There was logic to it, even though I couldn't entirely believe it was actually happening.

I needed to respond to my husband.

Drawing myself up straight, I looked down on him with what I hoped was a stern expression and said, "Take your hand off that cock."

He froze, but his fingers stayed wrapped around his shaft.

"I said remove your hand." I spoke with a commanding voice. "That is my cock, to do with as I please."

Joshua looked dazed, but he let go of himself.

My heart was beating fast, but from excitement instead of fear. I'd never spoken to my husband like that before.

"Get your clothes off. Everything. Then sit in that chair, naked."

Hesitation flashed on his face but only for a second. He hurried to obey. He sat trembling and nude, and I smiled coldly at him.

I pointed to the series of images on his screen and announced, "Damn right I fucked this man. He flirted with me, and I went home with him, and he balled my brains out for an hour and a half." I faltered for a moment, then went ahead on instinct as I hoped I was saying the right thing. This was all so new.

"He was a better screw than you've

ever been," I told my husband.

I watched carefully as pained emotions flashed across Joshua's face. But all the while his cock twitched and oozed out dribbles of pre-come.

He liked the emotional hurt, then. Incredible! He got off on being a cuckold. I had heard of this sexual kink, but had never encountered it anywhere. Then again, maybe half the men I knew were wired this way.

It was a revelation. I'd never suspected this about Joshua. Maybe he hadn't known it about himself, I realized. Only this crazy series of events had brought it to light.

I realized I was liking it, too. A lot. Berating my husband was making my pussy wet. My nipples tingled beneath my clothes.

"Let me tell you how good he was, you whimpering pussy-boy." I was winging it, off into uncharted sexual territory. But he responded with a moan of pleasure.

I proceeded to tell him everything I'd done earlier that day, going blow by blow through every position, every moment of carnal acrobatics.

By the end he truly was whimpering. He shivered from head to toe, sitting in the chair. I knew he was aching to touch his cock, to bring himself to a long-delayed climax.

He would get off, but he would have to do it my way.

I walked over to him. I leaned down and said, "And by the way, he has a bigger dick than you!"

With that, I slapped my husband's erect cock. It waggled back and forth like a toy on a spring. He cried out in shock and pleasure.

"Now I'm going to make you come!" I slapped it again hard, and that's when he erupted. Jets of hot jizz shot up over his stomach and chest, and his cry of ecstasy echoed through the loft.

Afterward, we just stared at each other in amazement. It was like we'd reached a whole new phase of our marriage.

In the ensuing months Joshua and I tweaked, refined and adjusted to our new sex life. We'd surely found the missing element, the thing I'd never been able to identify. We had never stopped loving one another, but now we were bonded in a way that felt at least as strong as our marriage vows.

My husband relished being the cuckold, and I enjoyed humiliating him. I would never have suspected I had that kink, but once discovered there was no putting the genie back in the bottle.

Of course, neither of us would have dreamed of going back. We were being our authentic selves, and we were having a ball.

Our new sexual play obviously required a third party. I had to cheat on Joshua with someone. He explained to me that he really did feel genuine jealousy whenever I fucked another man, but that emotional energy stimulated him sexually at the same time.

"I was looking straight at Joshua as Terry got in behind me, to do me doggy-style."

It was like getting spanked and enjoying it. Only he was having his feelings spanked, and loving every second of it.

We had two ways of dealing with a third player in our sex games. We'd met some fun people online who were eager to participate in our kink. A few of those men had become regulars, ones we could arrange scenarios with; everything was preplanned. They would come over to the loft, and I'd fuck them while Joshua sat naked and watched. Then I'd humiliate him until he came. All very tidy.

The other way was trickier to pull off but more exciting, too. I would go out and try to pick up a guy somewhere and bring him back, and Joshua would sit tied to a chair and watch me get dogged by a complete stranger.

The other night, we did the latter.

Joshua's dick was already hard when I sat him naked in the chair facing our big bed. Later, when I returned, I'd tie his ankles to the legs and his hands behind him with nylon rope. As I prepared to leave him, his eyes were alight, but he said in a pleading voice, "Please don't cheat on me, Lydia. I'm begging you!"

I grinned wickedly before telling him: "I'm off to find a real man!"

We had found the vocabulary which suited us both. I left the loft.

I was dressed in a leather miniskirt with a snug top. It was fun to flaunt my body.

I went to a club where music pounded and bodies gyrated. I drank an overpriced cocktail and scoped out the scene. Soon, I had my man. He was slim and chiseled, and he was looking my way. I gave him my best enticing glances, and he came over.

"Terry," he introduced himself.

"Lydia."

Within five minutes, he had his hand up under my skirt, squeezing my tight ass. I rubbed my crotch against the bulge in his pants.

"Want to get out of here?" I asked, and he nodded.

In the parking lot I told him, "My husband's home. Let's go to my place."

Terry frowned in confusion. "But your husband..."

"He'll be tied naked to a chair. He'll have to watch us screw. I'll be calling him names." I paused. "Does all that interest you?"

Some guys bailed at this point, but Terry's face shone with a perverse light.

"Sounds like a party," he said.

He followed me in his car. Then I took him up to the loft as anticipation quivered through me. Even months later, performing this routine was still intensely exciting.

We went inside together, and I led Terry to the bed. Joshua was there, waiting patiently. His cock was ragingly erect. Terry looked my husband up and down as I secured him to the chair.

Then I sauntered over to Terry and took hold of his crotch, boldly caressing his swelling bulge through

his pants. I grinned evilly at Joshua as I did it.

"See this stud here? This is a real man. He's going to fuck me, and you're going to watch us!"

Joshua's face was wracked with torment, but a drizzle of pre-come seeped from his slit.

Terry bent down and whispered in my ear, "Is it OK if I say stuff to him?"

No one we'd had in on our games had ever spoken directly to my husband. I liked that Terry had asked so politely. I whispered back, "Give it a try. But if he doesn't like it, back off."

Terry nodded. I was still groping his crotch.

He, in turn, pulled down my top and began to fondle my tits.

"Your wife is so fucking hot," he said to Joshua. "I'm going to fuck her silly, so you can see how a real man does it."

Joshua whimpered, writhing against the nylon ropes. But I saw the burning excitement on his face.

Terry and I stripped out of our clothes. I beheld the masculine wonder of his muscled body. His cock stood out iron-hard in front of him, and we climbed together onto the bed. Joshua had a front-row seat; he was our own captive audience of one. Knowing he was watching—and knowing how much being a cuckold turned him on—was a great thrill for me. Our marriage was the best.

But at that moment, Terry had most of my attention. On the bed, his strong arms went around me, and we kissed, his tongue sliding against mine. He caressed my tits again, and I reached around to squeeze the firm cheeks of his ass.

His hand slipped between my legs. At first, his fingertips just grazed my pussy lips, and pleasure shivered through me. Then he probed inside, finding the slick wetness awaiting him. He fingered me deeper, and I grabbed hold of his vein-lined cock and started jerking him.

I wanted to taste him. Terry, however, had the same idea about me, so we maneuvered quickly into a 69, laying side-by-side, which gave Joshua a good view of the action. Terry seemed to instinctively understand the setup.

I faced Terry's big, erect cock. It was a beauty. I took gentle hold of his balls and ran my tongue over his bulbous cockhead. I savored the texture and the dewdrop of pre-come I found and swallowed.

As I took him into my mouth, I felt his hot breath, then his tongue on my pussy. He licked me up and down as I dropped the ring of my mouth down his shaft. I opened my throat and took him all the way to his balls. He moaned against my pussy, which sent delightful tremors of joy into me.

Terry zeroed in on my swollen clit. I felt him bathe my needy bud with his tongue tip. I dropped my mouth again and again down his rigid staff, relishing his flavor. I liked the feel of his cockhead entering my throat.

Terry kept up his tongue work. He even closed his lips on my throbbing nub and applied some sweet pressure to it. I squirmed, jamming my pussy hard against his mouth. When he delicately grazed his teeth against my clit, a whiplash of hot bliss cracked through me.

I came on his face. His mouth stayed on me the whole time, and I heard him lapping up my juices. His cock pulsed deliciously in my mouth.

When we both came up for air, Terry's face was dripping with my juice. I licked his chin and mouth clean, turning to Joshua as I did so. I didn't want him to feel left out. It gave me a wonderfully cruel thrill to see him so tortured.

I pushed Terry onto his back, then made to mount him, making sure I was facing my husband. This was the ultimate defilement. I was taking another man's cock into my pussy. I set Terry's knobby cockhead against my entrance and slowly lowered myself onto him.

Waves of pleasure radiated through me. When I was fully impaled on his impressive shaft, I planted my palms on his firm chest and started rocking up and down on my knees.

Terry's hands gripped my hips. He met my downward plunges with upward thrusts of his own. We fell into a nice rhythm, and I was so glad he was cool with this arrangement. What Joshua and I had felt completely natural to both of us, but not all of our prospective thirds took to it easily. Still, we made no apologies. This was sex as we liked it best. It was the supreme expression of the love we felt for each other.

It was also ridiculously fun and hot!

I rode Terry harder and faster. He reached up to grope my jiggling tits, tweaking my swollen nipples, which made me cry out with pleasure. I slammed down on him, taking him all the way every time. He drove up into me even more fiercely.

In an instant, a massive climax tore through me. The sexual bliss was like an electrical current that lit up every cell in my body. I sat up stiff, backbone straight, then tipped over to the side and sprawled on the bed.

Terry pulled out and shifted me around. When I realized he was putting me on my hands and knees, I grinned. I was looking straight at Joshua as Terry got in behind me, to do me doggy-style.

Terry's hands closed over my hips once again. His cock pushed into my drenched pussy, sliding all the way home and igniting a fresh cascade of pleasure in me. Joshua was mouthing "no, no, no." But I knew how much he was enjoying it.

Not wasting any time, Terry began to stroke hard into me. I felt him driving deep. I heard the smack of his balls as they slapped my ass.

He went into overdrive, pounding my pussy. The ecstasy built fast inside me, and he was right there with it. As his come started to fly, I came with a howl.

Now it was time to take care of Joshua. I got up to go smack his cock and make him come, but Terry whispered again in my ear: "Can I do something to him?"

He walked over to the chair, his half-hard cock slick with pussy juice and come. He straddled the chair and told my husband, "Clean my cock."

Joshua was goggle-eyed, but I could tell he was intrigued. Seizing the moment, I said, "You heard. Suck him!"

The paramount humiliation. But Joshua did it eagerly. And as he sucked my lover clean, I slapped his cock until he was jizzing all over himself.

It was the perfect end to a perfect night, but it was also a new beginning.

ANNY & RYAN

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Behind the Scenes

When I use the word "cuck," I own it. I am a submissive cuckold by choice, and I'm proud of it. My wife is an up-and-coming cam model—and her success is mine, and mine is hers. Dana is the most generous wife and mistress a man could ever want. But any accomplished individual will tell you that personal triumphs often come from a place of strict personal discipline. I personally handle all of the technical details for Dana so she always looks her best online as she works on building her brand.

Allow me to gush about her: Dana is a lithe five-foot-nine with an adorable accent that suggests a pastoral upbringing in the northern English countryside. She also has these giant jugs that demand my daily worship and devotion.

As for me, I'm a skinny half-Italian dude who was raised in New Jersey. On a good day I'm five-six. But our size difference is really perfect because when she wears heels, her tits are in my face. Plus, the fantasy of the strict, busty British schoolmarm has always made my heart race, so when I met Dana I could hardly believe my luck!

Even when she's being critical, the sound of her voice just makes me all the more eager to bend over and let her whip or cane me. I have the pleasure of serving her in other ways, too, as I experience the sweet pain of being denied my pleasure.

You see, when Dana goes live for shows, we have a protocol of sorts. When she works with other performers, I am to meet them and shake their hands—you know, the usual normal social stuff. But then Dana takes out my chastity belt.

"Dominic, come on now. No monkey business," Dana will say, giving me a stern look.

No matter who else might be in the room, I bow my head and allow her to put me in chastity right in front of our guests. If my cock dares to spring up at any point in the process, Dana swats at my shaft and scrotum with her riding crop and says, "You get in line or you'll feel this heat on your taint."

I especially love when she scolds me like that!

My chastity belt was once a simple leather pouch, but to keep me even more under control, Dana insisted on some upgrades. I now wear a locking five-ring belt that some call the Gates of Hell. This device is aptly named because when my poor trapped cock tries to get hard, ruthless metal keeps my organ under control.

There's a large metal ring that goes around the back of my balls and then four smaller metal rings that hug my shaft. If I do transgress and get stiff, there's no hope of release unless Mistress unlocks the padlocks on my leather waist belt.

Sometimes to really put me through my paces, Dana makes use of the D-ring at the tip of my belt—near the head of my dick. Either she'll clip on a leash and lead me around or attach a small weight to torment at my junk. She loves to do the latter and then make me sweep the floor.

But when it's time to go on cam, she leads me—in my chastity belt—into my office where I have a closed-circuit monitor to view her studio. There my D-ring is cuffed to my desk drawer and is locked in place with another padlock. I sit and watch as other men and women fuck my wife—or as she pleases herself with big dildos and magical wands controlled remotely by guests in her chat room.

As soon as she's done locking me in for the duration, she'll lean down, kiss me and say, "Thank you, love." Her tenderness might shock people who do not understand that we have a conventional marriage in every other respect.

"You're welcome, sweetheart. Have a good show."

Dana smiles at me but then for good measure usually adds a little stern retort like: "I expect you to control yourself—or so help me you'll suffer even more."

"Anything to please you, my love." I reply, like the good slave I am.

From my office exile, I do my best to keep my erection at bay while I handle the lighting and ensure all the cameras are optimized. And of course, I can follow her public and private chat sessions. I love it when my wife goes private and tells the customer her cuck husband is watching. Sometimes Dana will even break the fourth wall on camera to directly address me:

"Dominic, you better not look away while I stuff my pussy with this dong."

"Dominic, you better take note of how good this slut eats my ass because I'll be expecting you to do it later—and want you to do it even better."

"Dominic, I'm going to swallow this cock—and I know you wish it was yours."

I could reminisce all day. Dana is the ultimate dirty talker. And again, the minute I hear her voice admonishing me, I get a rush. The drive to engage with my gorgeous domme wife is unlike any other kind of bond.

I personally have never gone on camera. Well, not my face anyway. But recently Dana was speaking to a woman interested in exploring chastity with her husband, and I got to obediently show off my belt—in total silence, of course.

Do I mess up and get hard or lose control? You bet. But as Dana reminds me, our lifestyle is never about perfection so much as it is surrender. If I please her, she will please me. If I require chastisement, I know she does it out of love. I feel

fortunate either way to be in such capable hands. Before I met my wife, I encountered dommes who were strikingly closed off to expressing deep emotions, and that never makes for fun play.

Anyway, my most memorable screw-up occurred during one of her threesome scenes. Dana was working with two male models. One guy was black, the other white. Now, I keep in shape and eat right as a matter of course, but these guys had Iron Man physiques and huge dicks.

I couldn't help it. Everyone had stripped down, and I went rock-hard the minute my gorgeous Dana wrapped her pendulous breasts around one of those giant cocks. I watched as she titty-fucked them in turn and sucked on each of their shafts. And then she looked right into the front camera and spoke to me: "Dominic, use my spare key in your drawer and unlock yourself. I want you to get in here and bring the lube."

The blood pooling in my tortured dick suddenly rushed to my head as I scrambled to obey Dana's orders. I freed myself from

the desk and ventured into the supply closet where Dana keeps all of our toys and equipment.

When I entered the room, my wife was fully nude and waiting on the bed, while the two horny studs looked on.

"Here's the lube, my love." I held out the bottle to her.

"You're going to put it on me, Domenic. I need you to lube me well because these two gents and I have a private show coming up."

I nodded and said, "I'll be very thorough." But of course, I slipped and stroked her clit in the process. Dana was not amused, and she swatted my hand. "I told you—no monkey business, Dominic. You don't touch my pussy unless you've earned the right."

"Yes, Mistress." I bowed my head. "I apologize."

"Good." Dana said briskly. "Now lick my ass and then lube it up."

I glanced briefly at the other men in the room. Their faces were blank.

Dana cleared her throat. "Is there a problem?"

"Not at all."

"Then get to work." Dana tugged on the D-ring at the end of my chastity belt. "When I give you a task, it must be completed in a timely manner."

I nodded and frantically tongued my wife's asshole and got my hand swatted away yet again for instinctively wanting to tease her clit. That was a mistake I knew I'd regret.

"We will discuss your behavior later, Dominic," she said sternly.

"Of course," I responded.

"Now," Dana gave me one of her haughty smiles. "Do you want to watch the show in here up close and see how well they fuck me? Then I can keep an eye on you and make sure you don't cheat." She tugged again on my poor dick.

I gasped and felt my knees buckle.

"W—whatever pleases you," I sputtered.

To make a long story a little shorter, after Dana took on both monster cocks and finished her show with what was a pretty amazing facial, the guys went down the hall to use our spare bathroom to clean up, while I handled Dana's aftercare personally.

In spite of my shorter stature, I took her in my arms and carried her to our master bath, where I turned on the shower. Still caged in my chastity device, I lathered up a sponge and meticulously washed every inch of my wife.

"I love it when my wife tells the customer her cuck husband is watching."

Dana sighed happily and reached out to run her hands through my hair.

"This feels so good," she murmured.

I beamed, knowing she would reward my efforts. After her shower, I patted her soft skin dry and knelt down to kiss her perfectly pedicured feet.

"All set?" I asked.

"I think so," said my smiling wife. "Stand up now."

Anticipation made my knees feel wobbly. Dana freed me from chastity, finally letting my poor cock stand as stiff as it liked.

Dana shook her head and tsked: "Looks like you leave me no choice but to milk it dry."

We stepped into the bedroom where she took her time sucking and stroking me while lecturing me about my behavior. But my ultimate release always comes when Dana gets out her ribbed strap-on and pegs me, which she did that night.

I groaned as my tight bottom tried to accommodate the toy's girth—but with Dana's encouragement, I relaxed and the entire length slid deep inside. Dana truly has a talent not only for punishment, but for knowing just how to hit my prostate until my balls are utterly drained.

Perhaps one day you'll get to see this happen on cam. But for now, this action is just part of our extra-special backstage routine—and the show must go on!

—D.D., San Diego, Calif.

Playing the Field

"My husband was fucking another woman literally under my nose!"

Jakob, my husband, wasn't doing a very good job of hiding his interest in the big-titted woman across the sports bar. At least he was trying to be sneaky about it, but I could see his reflection in my beer glass every time he gave her a glance.

The woman with the nice rack was more subtle. Even so, I caught her casting a lascivious eye at my hubby more than a couple of times.

The thing was, even though we'd been married for two years, I had no problem with my husband checking out other chicks. Hell, it would have been fine with me if he wanted to fuck another woman.

This wasn't because I loved him any less than when we'd gotten married. It was because before our wedding day—when we were just girlfriend and boyfriend—we used to have all sorts of wild sexual escapades. We'd fool around with each other's friends, have one-night stands left and right, do threeways. Ah. The threeways. Damn, those had been fun!

But after we got married, Jakob stopped showing any interest in those outside activities. At first I thought he was just swept up in the bliss of our new married life. I figured our old salacious habits would kick back in soon enough.

I was wrong. I finally gently confronted him about it, and he shrugged and said, "Come on, Kesha. It's different now. We're married."

I still counted myself plenty lucky to be with him. Jakob was sweet and sexy, intelligent and virile ... but I missed the old days sometimes. Badly.

Then suddenly there I was catching him eyeing another woman. I said nothing, biding my time. We were at the bar to watch a football game.

Finally, the woman went to the restroom. I left Jakob staring at the big TV screen and followed her. It was a single-occupancy room, but I slipped in behind her and flipped the lock. She spun around, her eyes wide with surprise.

I said, "My husband—"

She leapt in with, "I'm so sorry about looking him over! It's just innocent fun!"

She sounded very anxious, so I made some calming gestures.

"Relax. I'm glad you think he's hot. He likes you, too. He's sitting out there now trying to hide his hard-on." I'd noticed and couldn't suppress my grin. "He's got a big

dick. You'd like it. By the way, I think you're hot, too."

I moved toward her and thrust my face forward. But I left the final move to her. After a few seconds her mouth pressed tentatively against mine, and I kissed her back. Then we were in each other's arms, Frenching like crazy. I ground my body against hers, loving the feel of her tits against mine.

When we broke the kiss, I told her to join us, then went out first. Two minutes later, she stepped up nervously to the table with her face flushed and her eyes bright. "Uh," she started to say.

Jakob looked at her—failing to hide his surprise—then gazed at me, plainly afraid he'd been caught.

"Babe," I said to my husband, "let's take this sexy woman back to our place, and the three of us can roll around and fuck, suck and come until we're spent. That OK with both of you?"

The stunned silence felt somehow louder than the uproar in the bar caused by one team scoring a touchdown. But it didn't last long. Soon, the three of us headed out the door to go play our own game.

Excitement skittered up and down my body. The woman, whose name was Angie, followed us in her car. Jakob was tongue-tied the whole way home, but I could see he still had a hard-on.

At our house I unlocked the front door. In the foyer I took Angie's coat and whispered in her ear, "Kiss Jakob like we kissed." Then I watched her step up to my husband, hesitate, and finally plant her mouth on his.

Jakob froze for a moment, like a mannequin. Then he returned the kiss. Their tongues tangled, and it was like I could see the tide of lust surge in him. He held Angie to him, their bodies pressed together, moving and grinding. It was a lovely sight, awakening old wonderful memories and making space in my brain for new ones.

My pussy was on fire. Panting, they broke their lip-lock, and I took both their hands and led them unceremoniously to the bedroom. This was really going to happen after so long!

I led by example, undressing quickly. I felt a flush of pleasure as Angie ogled my naked body. When she, too, was nude, I beheld her sensual beauty. Jakob, meanwhile, had also disrobed and was standing there with a magnificently erect cock.

Wordlessly we came together in a mini huddle, the three of us, pressing our naked bodies against one another, kissing and touching—all of it soft and preliminary. Then it was time to get on the big bed, which Jakob and I had shared with no one else for the previous two years. Our dry spell would end that night.

We tumbled onto the broad mattress, and I felt a brief twinge of anxiety. I hadn't done something like this in a long time. Hell, did I even remember how to do a threeway?

Yeah, I did.

Angie was our guest. She quickly found herself lying between Jakob and me. Together, we began sucking on her tits. Our eyes met, and I saw that old excited gleam in Jakob's eyes. I watched his tongue flick Angie's swollen nipple as I did the same to her other, and she made happy sounds.

Jakob and I both reached for her pussy at the same time. A spirit of cooperation immediately took over. He parted her slick lips, and I delved two fingers into her. Her silken interior was enticing. I stirred my fingers slowly, while my husband caressed the swelling nub of her clit. She moaned, louder and louder. We continued feasting on her generous titties.

Angie thrashed between us, her movements growing more wild until finally she went stiff and let out a piercing cry. I felt her pussy tighten around my fingers.

When I pulled out of her, Jakob took my hand and licked my fingers clean of Angie's pussy juice. He was obviously savoring every drop.

Angie sat up. "I want to taste your cock," she said to my husband. Turning to me, she suggested, "Let's go down on him together."

I grinned wolfishly. This girl was fun!

Jakob obligingly lay back, and Angie and I swooped in on him. I started licking his balls. She took his fat knob in her mouth, and Jakob was soon moaning with pleasure. I sucked his nutsac for a while, then switched places with Angie. I tasted her spit on his cockhead and licked up his drizzle of yummy pre-come.

Then we licked his shaft on either side, both doing him harmonica-style. We went up and down his rigid length. Whenever we got up to his cockhead, my tongue tangled deliciously with Angie's. Somehow Jakob held back from blasting his load over both our faces, something I wouldn't have minded at all. Maybe he was in shock about the night's events. He couldn't have expected any of it.

I wanted to taste Angie's pussy, and she had the same idea about me. We moved into a 69, with me on top. For a moment, I breathed in the sweet aroma of feminine excitation. I could hardly believe it had been two years since I'd last tasted a woman.

I ran my tongue around her smooth lips. She wriggled beneath me, even as I felt her licking me. My tongue slipped inside. I loved the silky texture and flavor of her. Her own tongue writhed expertly, driving deep into me.

My hips started to move, and Jakob watched me humping her face. Her hands caressed my ass. Her fingers moved down into the canyon between my cheeks, and a naughty fingertip touched my asshole.

As she slid it inside, a violent climax overtook me. At the same instant her pussy flooded my mouth with a surge of juice.

Jakob, of course, was not to be left out. I moved my head, and he knelt between Angie's spread thighs. I had a close-up view of his big cock. It was such a joy to see him slowly sink it into Angie's cunt. My husband was fucking another woman literally under my nose! I was so happy we had rediscovered this aspect of our sex life.

As he stroked into her, Angie resumed licking me. I shifted slightly and gave her easier access to my asshole. She didn't hesitate. She licked my ring, sending wild thrills through me, then speared her tongue right up into my back hole. My flesh hummed with ecstasy.

Every few dozen strokes, Jakob would pull his cock out of Angie's pussy and I would suck it clean. The two combined flavors sent me into rapture.

Meanwhile, Angie kept up her furious rimming, purring and groaning the whole time. Apparently she couldn't get enough

of my asshole. I resolved to return the favor later on.

Jakob pulled out again and let me suck Angie's juice off him once more. But then he moved around to the other end of our luscious 69. I looked back over my shoulder and saw him move eagerly into place behind me.

Angie's tongue relinquished its busywork. Jakob was looking down at my spit-gleaming asshole. I gave him a nod and a grin, and braced myself as he put his big dick against my slick hole. I loved getting ass-fucked by him, but this was even more special, having Angie with us.

He sank his cock into me, stretching out my passage. Angie returned to eating my pussy, and I did the same to her. I would never get tired of her taste. Too many nights over the past two years I'd dreamed about licking cunt. Now it was real. The emotional satisfaction mingled with the physical bliss. This was marriage as I'd always imagined it with Jakob.

He stroked into my ass. Angie's tongue swirled all over my swollen clit. I licked her bud, even closing my lips over it and sucking on it. She squirmed, quivering with her orgasm. Our sweat-slick bodies stayed pressed tight, and Jakob continued to ream my ass.

My hubby was really plowing me. But he sped up even more when he went into climactic overdrive. Another orgasm caught up with me just as he pulled out once more. Ecstasy shot through me as I heard him cry out and felt his hot jizz spatter my ass cheeks.

We all basked in the afterglow of a night I'll treasure forever.

–K.D., Chicago, Ill.

She Means Business

Have you ever seen those local news segments about successful young entrepreneurs: 40 under 40 or the Most Successful Self-Made People? My gorgeous sun-kissed wife could easily be on any one of those lists. But let me tell you, before I straightened her out, she was as big of a procrastinator as she was a dreamer.

I work in a very intense corporate legal environment, so deadlines, bullet points and organization are all important to me. Every other woman I'd been with was either intimidated by me or just incapable of understanding the demands of my job.

As a lesbian, I am not what you'd call vanilla, but so many kinky girls assume the lipstick femme with the demanding job wants to be secretly dominated. So I often attracted girls who couldn't handle my dominance, or I enticed other dommes who mistook me for a sub, and neither of those types made for a satisfying relationship.

I like to lead, whether it's in the boardroom or bedroom, and Brianna was the one who let me lead—and let me inside.

When you look at us, we are the definition of opposites attracting. She's got long blonde hair in loose, beachy waves. I have a perfectly coiffed brunette lob. She runs around in yoga pants, while I wear fitted skirts and pantsuits.

Brianna is an artist who runs a successful design firm. But initially she was working a low-paying secretarial job she hated, while trying to sell her illustrations on the side. I fell in love with her because of her pillow-lipped kisses—and her kind heart. She's the sort of person who would adopt an entire animal shelter if she had the means. Currently, we have four rescue dogs and two cats, so she's doing her part.

Back when we were dating, I held my breath and leveled with her about my lifestyle to gauge whether she was interested in exploring BDSM. But as it turned out, I really didn't need to pussyfoot around it.

"Emma, I gathered the dominant part from the minute we hooked up, and I'm not surprised."

"It's that obvious?"

"Well, you don't run around in leather and spiked heels, but part of the reason I am attracted to you is because you do take charge. You know, I make plans. But I can't seem to get them off the ground." Brianna squeezed my hand. "I like that you're different."

"I could keep you in line," I said, stroking her hair. "I want to see you thrive."

"I believe that," Brianna said before she kissed me. "I don't want to see other people anymore. I want this. I want you."

I pulled her in and kissed her back. We eloped shortly afterward, and from that point onward we have been inseparable. I finally had someone who saw my corporate success as a boon and not a threat—and someone who eagerly welcomed my dominating influence. Although she initially had no clue what she was in for.

I've always preferred leveraging practical, nonsexual tasks at the beginning of a BDSM relationship. I find it's the key to successful domestic discipline. When Brianna told me her cherished goal of wanting to open her own business, I was delighted to help out. The first step, though, was getting her to polish her resume and start compiling a business plan to show investors.

Much to my increasing chagrin, she kept putting off these vital tasks—for almost a month. I didn't nag her repeatedly. I only reminded her once each week. And she'd laugh and nod. At the end of the third week, I came home on Friday, saw her watching a movie

and decided enough was enough.

"Hi, hun," Brianna said, smiling at me.

"What do you think you're doing?" I replied curtly.

Brianna looked taken aback and said, "I was waiting for you to come home."

"And you think watching this stupid show is a good way to use your time when we aren't together?"

"Uh, I was just relaxing." Brianna blinked and looked at me, so clearly confused. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." I replied, as I stepped over and switched off the TV. "But you don't seem to be able to step up."

Her cheeks flushed, and she asked, "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I've been waiting almost a month to see you make some real long-term progress on your business plan—unless of course you enjoy being an underpaid secretary and whining about it."

"I haven't gotten to it yet," Brianna said, her voice quavering.

"When you don't take yourself and your goals seriously, it tells me you might not be taking me seriously—or us."

"But"—Brianna stammered—"that's not true."

"I don't want to hear it. No more excuses." And with a firm hand, I pulled her up and turned her around. "Evidently, I've been too indulgent. Put your hands on the back of the couch and bend over."

"What?" she asked in a shocked tone.

"Now!"

My bewildered wife did as I ordered.

And then I squeezed her hips with both hands and said, "This is for your own good." I peeled down her yoga pants and panties in one swoop, exposing her fully.

"Brianna yelped helplessly as I gave both of her butt cheeks a good walloping."

Brianna gasped, but she didn't resist or try to cover herself, finally catching on to my game.

I cupped her bare ass with both hands, giving the shapely curves a good squeeze, and then I began one of the most intense bare-bottom spankings I've ever delivered.

Brianna yelped helplessly and involuntarily wiggled her rump as I gave both of her butt cheeks a good old-fashioned walloping.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

I didn't give her a moment to catch her breath.

Once I was finished, her usually pale ass was bright red.

Brianna panted and leaned into the back of the couch—and I could see from behind that her pussy was soaked.

I reached over and gently smoothed her hair out of her face. "You OK?" I said in a calm, level tone.

All she could do was nod, but Brianna's wide, vulnerable eyes said everything. She reached over and tried to kiss me, but I pulled back.

"No. I didn't spank you just to fuck you. I can screw you any time. I did this because I want results. I know you can do better, so go do it," I said.

Brianna pulled up her pants, but still seemed to hesitate.

I remained firm, but reassured her: "The reward will be worth it. Go on."

Brianna nodded and took a deep breath as she stepped into the study where her laptop was.

"I'll be back in a little while," I told her.

I stepped out for an hour to give her space to work—and grab her favorite take-out. To my great delight, by the time I returned she had already finished cleaning up her resume and asked me to check it for typos. I served her a plate of food first

and then sat down, reading everything over as we relaxed.

"I think I don't hate it anymore." Brianna said of her resume.

"It's done—and it's perfect. And you did it in less than an hour. That's all it took."

"Yeah, well, that's only the first step."

"Yes, but come on now. Baby steps. You do enough, and things move."

"You were right—I mean, you are right." Brianna smiled at me and reached out. "Thank you. And thank you for tonight." She paused before adding, "I guess I didn't realize how badly I needed that."

I smirked a bit. "The night isn't over, you know."

Brianna looked bewildered again.

"Relax." I laughed. "You finish up. I'm gonna go upstairs and draw us a hot bath."

"That sounds nice."

Not much later, my beautiful blonde nymph joined me amid the bubbles, where I wasted no time rewarding and cherishing her. I soothed her sore bottom with a gentle soapy massage—and used my tongue to address her frustrated little pussy. Brianna stood over my face so I could lap at every inch of her—at least until she could stand no more.

"Oh please," Brianna begged in a mere whisper. "I need to come so badly."

"Don't worry," I smirked. "I'll make sure you do."

We rinsed off and headed into bed where I put on our favorite strap-on and gave her the release she was denied earlier.

I fucked her missionary-style—while kissing her and pinching her nipples. Post-spanking, Brianna was definitely more open and uninhibited than she'd ever been—resulting in a pretty intense orgasm the first time around.

We cuddled and took a mini-break, but then she kissed my neck and said, "I want more."

And I made sure she got exactly that. After all, any kind of discipline is worthless if there is no positive reinforcement, so my good girl had seconds, thirds—and fourths before we both collapsed in sweet post-orgasmic sleep.

However, we were by no means out of the woods: when it came time for her to do the business plan and contact investors, I had to take her in hand several more times. But Brianna welcomed my reprimands because she understood they came from a place of love.

"I don't feel afraid of failure anymore. I know you're doing this because you haven't given up on me," she said once, after I took both my hand and a riding crop to her ass.

"You don't know how happy I am to hear that." I beamed. "I have great expectations of you for a reason."

No one in the world will ever make me prouder than my wife—and there's no one I'd rather see be disciplined under my stern hand.

–E.K., Boston, Mass.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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